

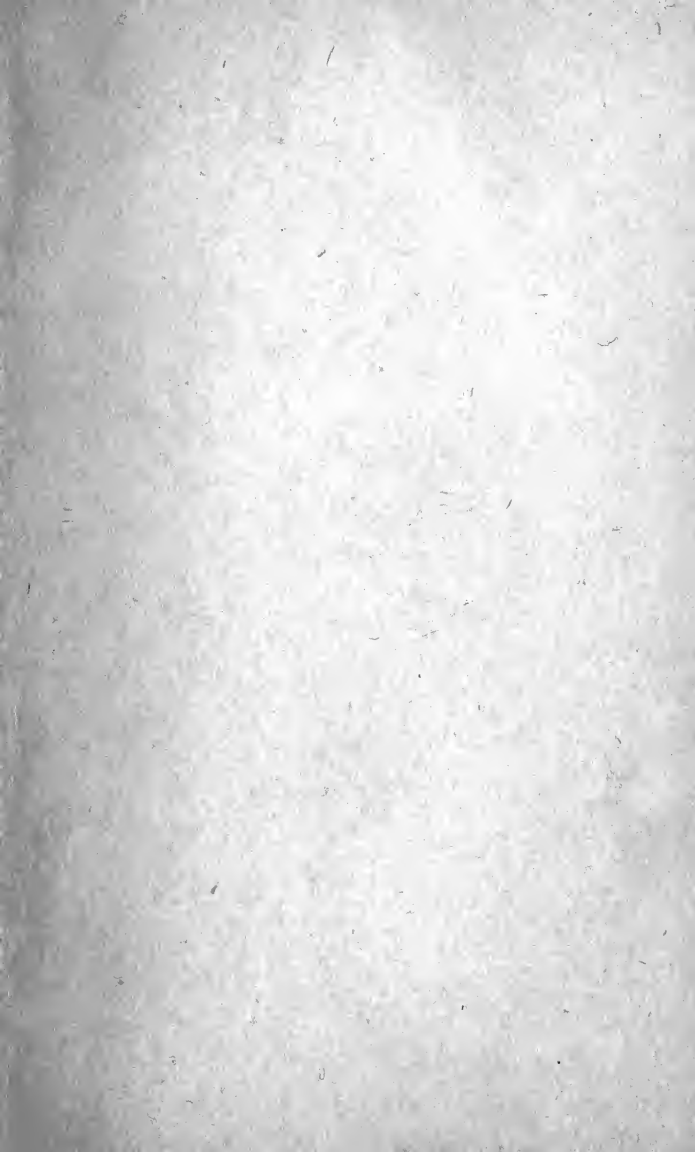


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POEMS HERE AT HOME

Other Books by  
James Whitcomb Riley.



NEIGHBORLY POEMS.

SKETCHES IN PROSE AND  
OCCASIONAL VERSES.

AFTERWHILES.

PIPES O' PAN (Prose and  
Verse).

RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD.

FLYING ISLANDS OF THE  
NIGHT.

OLD-FASHIONED      ROSES  
(English Edition).

GREEN FIELDS AND RUN-  
NING BROOKS.





Keyblo 12 97  
(SEE PAGE 18.)



# POEMS HERE AT HOME

BY  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE



NEW YORK  
THE CENTURY CO.  
1893

395804

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THE DE VINNE PRESS.

TO  
MY FATHER



## PROEM

*The Poems here at Home! — Who 'll write 'em down,  
Jes' as they air—in Country and in Town? —  
Sowed thick as clods is 'crost the fields and lanes,  
Er these-'ere little hop-toads when it rains! —  
Who 'll “voice” 'em? as I heerd a feller say  
'At speechified on Freedom, t' other day,  
And soared the Eagle tel, it 'peared to me,  
She was n't bigger 'n a bumble-bee!*

*Who 'll sort 'em out and set 'em down, says I,  
'At 's got a stiddy hand enough to try  
To do 'em jestice 'thout a-foolin' some,  
And headin' facts off when they want to come? —  
Who 's got the lovin' eye, and heart, and brain  
To recko'nize 'at nothin' 's made in vain —  
'At the Good Bein' made the bees and birds  
And brutes first choice, and us-folks afterwards?*

*What We want, as I sense it, in the line  
O' poetry is somepin' Yours and Mine —  
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and out-doors,  
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores:  
Putt weeds in—pizenvines, and underbresh,  
As well as johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh  
And sassy-like! —and groun'-squir'ls,—yes, and “We,”  
As sayin' is,—“We, Us and Company!”*

*Putt in old Nature's sermons,—them 's the best,—  
And 'casion'ly hang up a hornets' nest  
'At boys 'at 's run away from school can git  
At handy-like—and let 'em tackle it!  
Let us be wrought on, of a truth, to feel  
Our proneness fer to hurt more than we heal,  
In ministratin' to our vain delights—  
Fergittin' even insect's has their rights!*

*No "Ladies' Amaranth," ner "Treasury" book—  
Ner "Night Thoughts," nuther—ner no "Lally Rook"!  
We want some poetry 'at 's to Our taste,  
Made out o' truck 'at 's jes' a-goin' to waste  
'Cause smart folks thinks it 's altogether too  
Outrageous common—'cept fer me and you!—  
Which goes to argy, all sich poetry  
Is 'bliged to rest its hopes on You and Me.*





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## WHEN SHE COMES HOME

✓ WHEN she comes home again! A thousand ways  
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness  
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes;  
And touch her, as when first in the old days  
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise  
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.  
Then silence: and the perfume of her dress:  
The room will sway a little, and a haze  
Cloy eyesight—soulsight, even—for a space;  
And tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat,  
To know that I so ill deserve the place  
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note  
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face  
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

## NOTHIN' TO SAY

✓ NOTHIN' to say, my daughter ! Nothin' at all to say !  
Gyrls that 's in love, I 've noticed, giner'ly has their  
way !

Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected  
to me —

Yit here I am and here you air ! and yer mother —  
where is she ?

You look lots like yer mother : purty much same  
in size ;

And about the same complected ; and favor about the  
eyes :

Like her, too, about livin' here, because *she* could n't  
stay ;

It 'll 'most seem like you was dead like her ! — but  
I hain't got nothin' to say !

She left you her little Bible — writ yer name acrost  
the page —

And left her ear-bobs fer you, ef ever you come of  
age ;

I 've alluz kep' 'em and gyuarded 'em, but ef yer  
goin' away —

Nothin' to say, my daughter ! Nothin' at all to say !

You don't rickollect her, I reckon ? No ; you was n't  
a year old then !

And now yer — how old *air* you ? W'y, child, not  
“*twenty*” ! When ?

And yer nex' birthday 's in Aprile ? and you want  
to git married that day ?

I wisht yer mother was livin' ! — but I hain't got  
nothin' to say !

Twenty year ! and as good a gyrl as parent ever  
found !

There 's a straw ketched onto yer dress there — I 'll  
bresh it off — turn round.

(Her mother was jest twenty when us two run away.)

Nothin' to say, my daughter ! Nothin' at all to say !

## THE ABSENCE OF LITTLE WESLEY

✓ SENCE little Wesley went, the place seems all so  
strange and still—

W'y, I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I 'd miss the  
whipperwill!

And to think I ust to *scol'd* him fer his everlastin'  
noise,

When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little boys!  
I wisht a hunderd times a day 'at he 'd come  
trompin' in,

And all the noise he ever made was twic't as loud  
ag'in!—

It 'u'd seem like some soft music played on some  
fine insturment,

'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence little  
Wesley went!



Of course the clock don't tick no louder than it ust  
to do—

Yit now they 's times it 'pears like it 'u'd bu'st  
itse'f in two!

And let a rooster, suddent-like, crow som'ers clos't  
around,

And seems 's ef, mighty nigh it, it 'u'd lift me off the  
ground!

And same with all the cattle when they bawl around  
the bars,

In the red o' airly mornin', er the dusk and dew and  
stars,

When the neighbors' boys 'at passes never stop, but  
jes' go on,

A-whistlin' kind o' to theirse'v's—sence little Wesley 's  
gone!

And then, o' nights, when Mother 's settin' up on-  
common late,

A-bilin' pears er somepin', and I set and smoke and wait,  
Tel the moon out through the winder don't look  
bigger 'n a dime,

And things keeps gittin' stiller—stiller—stiller all the  
time,—

I 've ketched myse'f a-wishin' like—as I clumb on  
the cheer

To wind the clock, as I hev done fer more 'n fifty  
year —

A-wishin' 'at the time hed come fer us to go to bed,  
With our last prayers, and our last tears, sence little  
Wesley 's dead!

## THE USED-TO-BE

✓ BEYOND the purple, hazy trees  
Of summer's utmost boundaries ;  
Beyond the sands—beyond the seas—  
Beyond the range of eyes like these,  
And only in the reach of the  
Enraptured gaze of Memory,  
There lies a land, long lost to me,—  
The land of Used-to-be!

A land enchanted—such as swung  
In golden seas when sirens clung  
Along their dripping brinks, and sung  
To Jason in that mystic tongue  
That dazed men with its melody—  
O such a land, with such a sea  
Kissing its shores eternally,  
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds  
The air with belts of singing-birds,

And sows all sounds with such sweet words,  
That even in the low of herds  
    A meaning lives so sweet to me,  
    Lost laughter ripples limpidly  
    From lips brimmed over with the glee  
    Of rare old Used-to-be.

Lost laughter, and the whistled tunes  
Of boyhood's mouth of crescent runes,  
That rounded, through long afternoons,  
To serenading plenilunes—  
    When starlight fell so mistily  
    That, peering up from bended knee,  
    I dreamed 't was bridal drapery  
    Snowed over Used-to-be.

O land of love and dreamy thoughts,  
And shining fields, and shady spots  
Of coolest, greenest grassy plots,  
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots! —  
    And all ye blooms that longingly  
    Lift your fair faces up to me  
    Out of the past, I kiss in ye  
    The lips of Used-to-be.

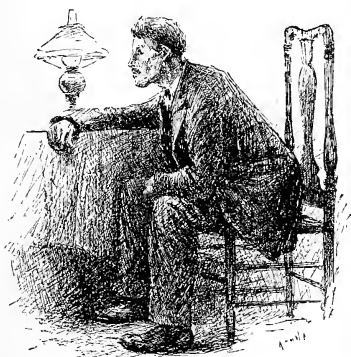
## AT "THE LITERARY"

✓ FOLKS in town, I reckon, thinks  
They git all the fun they air  
Runnin' loose 'round!—but, 'y jinks!  
We' got fun, and fun to spare,  
Right out here amongst the ash-  
And oak-timber ever'where!  
Some folks else kin cut a dash  
'Sides town-people, don't fergit!—  
'Specially in *winter*-time,  
When they 's snow, and roads is fit.  
In them circumstances I 'm  
Resig-nated to my lot—  
Which putts me in mind o' what  
      'S called "The Literary."

Us folks in the country sees  
Lots o' fun! — Take spellin'-school;  
Er ole hoe-down jamborees;  
Er revivals; er ef you 'll  
Tackle taffy-pullin's you  
Kin git fun, and quite a few! —  
Same with huskin's. But all these  
Kind o' frolics they hain't new  
By a hunderd year' er two,  
Cipher on it as you please!  
But I 'll tell you what I jest  
Think walks over all the rest —  
Anyway it suits *me* best,—  
That 's "The Literary."

First they started it—" 'y gee!"  
Thinks-says-I, "this settle-ment  
'S gittin' too high-toned fer me!"  
But when all begin to jine,  
And I heerd *Izory* went,  
I jest kind o' drapped in line,  
Like you 've seen some sandy, thin,  
Scrawny shoat putt fer the crick  
Down some pig-trail through the thick

Spice-bresh, where the whole drove 's been  
'Bout six weeks 'fore he gits in! —  
"Can't tell nothin'," I-says-ee,  
"'Bout it tel you go and see  
Their blame 'Literary'!"



Very first night I was there  
I was 'p'inted to be what  
They call "Critic"—so 's a fair  
And square jedgment could be got  
On the pieces 'at was read,  
And on the debate,—"Which air  
Most destructive element,

Fire er worter?" Then they hed  
Compositions on "Content,"  
"Death," and "Botany"; and Tomps



He read one on "Dreenin' swamps"  
I p'nounced the boss, and said,  
"So fur, 'at 's the best thing read  
In yer 'Literary'!"





Then they *sung* some—tel I called  
Order, and got back ag'in  
In the critic's cheer, and hauled  
All o' the p'formers in:—  
Mandy Brizendine read one  
I fergit; and Doc's was "Thought";

And Sarepty's, hern was "None  
Air denied 'at knocks;" and Daut—  
Fayette Strawnse's little niece—  
She got up and spoke a piece:  
Then Izory she read hern—  
"Best thing in the whole concern,"  
I-says-ee; "now le' 's adjourn  
This-here 'Literary'!"

They was some contendin'—yit  
We broke up in harmony.  
Road outside as white as grit,  
And as slick as slick could be!—  
I 'd fetched 'Zory in my sleigh,—  
And I had a heap to say,



Drivin' back—in fact, I driv  
'Way around the old north way,  
Where the Daubenspeckses live.  
'Zory allus —'fore that night—  
Never 'peared to feel jest right  
In my company.—You see,  
On'y thing on earth saved me  
Was that "Literary"!

## ONE AFTERNOON

✓  
BELOW, cool grasses: over us  
The maples waver tremulous.

A slender overture above,  
Low breathing as a sigh of love

At first, then gradually strong  
And stronger: 't is the locust's song,

Swoln midway to a pæan of glee,  
And lost in silence dwindlingly.

Not utter silence; nay, for hid  
In ghosts of it, the katydid

Chirrs a diluted echo of  
The loveless song he makes us love.

The low boughs are drugged heavily  
With shade; the poem you read to me

Is not more gracious than the trill  
Of birds that twitter as they will.

Half consciously, with upturned eyes,  
I hear your voice — I see the skies,

Where, o'er bright rifts, the swallows glance  
Like glad thoughts o'er a countenance;

And voices near and far are blent  
Like sweet chords of some instrument

Awakened by the trembling touch  
Of hands that love it overmuch.

Dear heart, let be the book awhile!  
I want your face — I want your smile!

Tell me how gladder now are they  
Who look on us from heaven to-day.

## DOWN TO THE CAPITAL

I ' BE'N down to the Capital at Washington, D. C.,  
Where Congerss meets and passes on the pensions  
ort to be  
Allowed to old one-legged chaps, like me, 'at sence  
the war  
Don't wear their pants in pairs at all — and yit how  
proud we are!

Old Flukens, from our deestrick, jes' turned in and  
tuck and made  
Me stay with him while I was there ; and longer 'at  
I stayed  
The more I kep' a-wantin' jes' to kind o' git away,  
And yit a-feelin' sociabler with Flukens ever' day.

You see I 'd got the idy — and I guess most folks  
agrees —

'At men as rich as him, you know, kin do jes' what  
they please ;

A man worth stacks o' money, and a Congressman  
and all,

And livin' in a buildin' bigger 'n Masonic Hall!

Now mind, I 'm not a-faultin' Fluke — he made his  
money square :

We both was Forty-niners, and both bu'sted gittin'  
there ;

I weakened and onwindlassed, and he stuck and  
stayed and made

His millions ; don't know what *I 'm* worth untel my  
pension 's paid.

But I was goin' to tell you — er a-ruther goin' to try  
To tell you how he 's livin' now : gas burnin' mighty  
nigh

In ever' room about the house ; and all the night,  
about,

Some blame reception goin' on, and money goin' out.

They 's people there from all the world — jes' eyer'  
kind 'at lives,  
Injuns and all! and Senators, and Ripresentatives;  
And girls, you know, jes' dressed in gauze and roses,  
I *declare*,  
And even old mèn shamblin' round and waltzin' with  
'em there!

And bands a-tootin' circus-tunes, 'way in some other  
room  
Jes' chokin' full o' hot-house plants and pinies and  
perfume;  
And fountains, squirtin' stiddy all the time; and  
statutes, made  
Out o' puore marble, 'peared-like, sneakin' round  
there in the shade.

And Fluke he coaxed and begged and pled with  
*me* to take a hand  
And sashay in amongst 'em — crutch and all, you  
understand;  
But when I said how tired I was, and made fer  
open air,  
He follered, and tel five o'clock we set a-talkin' there.



“My God!” says he—Fluke says to me, “I ’m tireder ’n you;

Don’t putt up yer tobacker tel you give a man a chew.  
Set back a leetle further in the shadder—that ’ll do;  
I ’m tireder ’n you, old man; I ’m tireder ’n you.

“You see that-air old dome,” says he, “humped up ag’inst the sky?

It ’s grand, first time you see it; but it changes, by and by,

And then it stays jes’ thataway—jes’ anchored high and dry

Betwixt the sky up yender and the achin’ of yer eye.

“Night ’s purty; not so purty, though, as what it ust to be

When my first wife was livin’. You remember her?” says he.

I nodded-like, and Fluke went on, “I wonder now ef she

Knows where I am—and what I am—and what I ust to be?

“That band in there! — I ust to think ’at music  
could n’t wear

A feller out the way it does; but that ain’t music  
there —

That ’s jes’ a’ *imitation*, and like ever’tthing, I swear,  
I hear, er see, er tetch, er taste, er tackle anywhere!

“It ’s all jes’ *artificial*, this-ere high-priced life of ours;  
The theory, *it* ’s sweet enough, tel it saps down and  
sours.

They ’s no *home* left, ner *ties* o’ home about it. By  
the powers,

The whole thing ’s artificialer ’n artificial flowers!

“And all I want, and could lay down and *sob* fer,  
is to know

The homely things of homely life; fer instance, jes’  
to go

And set down by the kitchen stove — Lord! that  
’u’d rest me so,—

Jes’ set there, like I ust to do, and laugh and joke,  
you know.

“Jes’ set there, like I ust to do,” says Fluke,  
a-startin’ in,  
’Peared-like, to say the whole thing over to his-  
se’f ag’in;  
Then stopped and turned, and kind o’ coughed,  
and stooped and fumbled fer  
Somepin’ o’ ’nuther in the grass—I guess his hand-  
kercher.

Well, sence I ’m back from Washington, where I  
left Fluke a-still  
A-leggin’ fer me, heart and soul, on that-air pen-  
sion bill,  
I ’ve half-way struck the notion, when I think o’  
wealth and sich,  
They ’s nothin’ much patheticker ’n jes’ a-bein’ rich !

## THE POET OF THE FUTURE

O THE Poet of the Future! He will come to us as  
comes

The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar of  
drums —

The beauty of the bugle's voice above the roar and din  
Of battle-drums that pulse the time the victor marches  
in.

His hands will hold no harp, in sooth; his lifted brow  
will bear

No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol anywhere,  
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's at the  
plow,

His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow.

He will sing across the meadow,—and the woman at  
the well

Will stay the dripping bucket, with a smile ineffable;

And the children in the orchard will gaze wistfully the  
way

The happy song comes to them, with the fragrance of  
the hay ;

The barn will neigh in answer, and the pasture-lands  
behind

Will chime with bells, and send responsive lowings  
down the wind ;

And all the echoes of the wood will jubilantly call  
In sweetest mimicry of that one sweetest voice of all.

O the Poet of the Future! He will come as man to  
man,

With the honest arm of labor, and the honest face of  
tan,

The honest heart of lowliness, the honest soul of love  
For human-kind and nature-kind about him and above.  
His hands will hold no harp, in sooth ; his lifted brow  
will bear

No coronet of laurel—nay, nor symbol anywhere,  
Save that his palms are brothers to the toiler's at the  
plow,

His face to heaven, and the dew of duty on his brow.

## THE OLD MAN AND JIM

OLD man never had much to say—

'Ceptin' to Jim,—

And Jim was the wildest boy he had—

And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!  
Never heerd him speak but once  
Er twice in my life,—and first time was  
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,  
The old man backin' him, fer three months;  
An' all 'at I heerd the old man say  
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,—

“ Well, good-by, Jim :

Take keer of yourse'f ! ”

'Peared-like, he was more satisfied

Jes' *lookin'* at Jim

And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see ? —

'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him !

And over and over I mind the day  
The old man come and stood round in the  
way

While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—  
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say,  
"Well, good-by, Jim:  
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the *farm*  
Disting'ished Jim;

Neighbors all ust to wonder why

The old man 'peared wrapped up in him:  
But when Cap. Biggler he writ back  
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had  
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,  
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—  
'At he had led, with a bullet clean  
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag  
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—  
The old man wound up a letter to him  
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said: "Tell Jim  
Good-by,  
And take keer of hisse'f."

Jim come home jes' long enough  
To take the whim  
'At he 'd like to go back in the calvery—  
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!  
Jim 'lowed 'at he 'd had sich luck afore,  
Guessed he 'd tackle her three years more.  
And the old man give him a colt he 'd raised,  
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,  
And laid around fer a week er so,  
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade —  
Tel finally he rid away,  
And last he heerd was the old man say,—  
“Well, good-by, Jim:  
Take keer of yourse'f!”

Tuk the papers, the old man did,  
A-watchin' fer Jim —  
Fully believin' he 'd make his mark  
*Some* way—jes' wrapped up in him!—  
And many a time the word 'u'd come  
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—  
At Petersburg, fer instance, where  
Jim rid right into their cannons there,



And *tuk* 'em, and p'inted 'em t' other way,  
And socked it home to the boys in gray,  
As they scooted fer timber, and on and on —  
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,  
And the old man's words in his mind all day,—

“Well, good-by, Jim:

Take keer of yourse'f!”

Think of a private, now, perhaps,

We 'll say like Jim,

'At 's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps —

And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!

Think of him — with the war plum' through,

And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue

A-laughin' the news down over Jim,

And the old man, bendin' over him —

The surgeon turnin' away with tears

'At had n't leaked fer years and years,

As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to

His father's, the old voice in his ears,—

“Well, good-by, Jim:

Take keer of yourse'f!”

*Civil*

✓  
THOUGHTS ON THE LATE WAR

I WAS for Union — you, ag'in' it.  
'Pears like, to me, each side was winner,  
Lookin' at now and all 'at 's in it.  
Le' 's go to dinner.

Le' 's kind o' jes' set down together  
And do some pardnership forgittin'—  
Talk, say, fer instunce, 'bout the weather,  
Er somepin' fittin'.

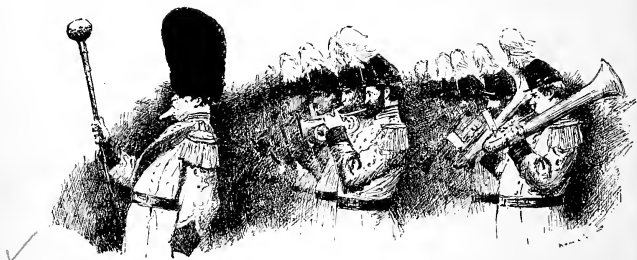
The war, you know, 's all done and ended,  
And ain't changed no p'int's o' the compass;  
Both North and South the health 's jes' splendid  
As 'fore the rumpus.

The old farms and the old plantations  
Still ockipies the'r old positions.  
Le' 's git back to old situations  
And old ambitions.

Le' 's let up on this blame', infernal  
Tongue-lashin' and lap-jacket vauntin',  
And git back home to the eternal  
Ca'm we 're a-wantin'.

Peace kind o' sort o' suits my diet —  
When women does my cookin' for me.  
Ther' was n't overly much pie et  
Durin' the army.

## THE OLD BAND



It 's mighty good to git back to the old town, shore,  
Considerin' I 've be'n away twenty year and more.  
Sence I moved then to Kansas, of course I see a  
change,

A-comin' back, and notice things that 's new to me  
and strange;

Especially at evening when yer new band-fellers meet,  
In fancy uniforms and all, and play out on the street—

. . What 's come of old Bill Lindsey and the  
saxhorn fellers — say ?

I want to hear the *old* band play.

What 's come of Eastman, and Nat Snow? And  
where 's War Barnett at?

And Nate and Bony Meek; Bill Hart; Tom Richa'-  
son and that

Air brother of him played the drum as twic't as big  
as Jim;

And old Hi Kerns, the carpenter—say, what 's be-  
come o' him?

I make no doubt yer *new band* now 's a *competenter*  
band,

And plays their music more by note than what they  
play by hand,

And stylisher and grander tunes; but somehow—  
*anyway*,

I want to hear the *old* band play.

Sich tunes as “John Brown's Body” and “Sweet  
Alice,” don't you know;

And “The Camels is A-comin',” and “John Ander-  
son, my Jo”;

And a dozent others of 'em — “Number Nine” and  
“Number 'Leven”

Was favo-rites that fairly made a feller dream o'  
heaven.



And when the boys 'u'd saranade, I 've laid so still  
in bed

I 've even heerd the locus'-blossoms droppin' on the  
shed

When "Lily Dale," er "Hazel Dell," had sobbed  
and died away —

. . . I want to hear the *old* band play.

Yer *new* band ma'by beats it, but the *old band* 's  
what I said —

It allus 'peared to kind o' chord with somepin' in my  
head;

And, whilse I 'm no musicianer, when my blame' eyes  
is jes'

Nigh drownded out, and Mem'ry squares her jaws  
and sort o' says

She *won't* ner *never will* fergit, I want to jes' turn in  
And take and light right out o' here and git back  
West ag'in

And *stay* there, when I git there, where I never haf'  
to say

I want to hear the *old* band play.



## “ LAST CHRISTMAS WAS A YEAR AGO ”

(THE OLD LADY SPEAKS)

LAST Christmas was a year ago,  
Says I to David, I-says-I,  
“We ’re goin’ to morning-service, so  
You hitch up right away : I ’ll try  
To tell the girls jes’ what to do  
Fer dinner.—We ’ll be back by two.”  
I did n’t wait to hear what he  
Would more ’n like say back to me,  
But banged the stable door and flew  
Back to the house, jes’ plumb chilled through.

Cold! *Wooh!* how cold it was! My-oh!  
Frost flyin’, and the air, you know,  
“ Jes’ sharp enough,” heerd David swear,  
“ To shave a man and cut his hair!”



And blow and blow! and snow and snow! —  
Where it had drifted 'long the fence  
And 'crost the road,—some places, though,  
Jes' swep' clean to the gravel, so  
The goin' was as bad fer sleighs  
As 't was fer wagons,—and both ways,  
'Twixt snowdrifts and the bare ground, I've  
Jes' wondered we got through alive;  
I hain't saw nothin', 'fore er sence,  
'At beat it anywheres, I know —  
Last Christmas was a year ago.

And David said, as we set out,  
'At Christmas services was 'bout  
As cold and wuthless kind o' love  
To offer up as he knowed of;  
And as fer him, he railly thought  
'At the Good Bein' up above  
Would think more of us — as he ought —  
A-stayin' home on sich a day,  
And thankin' of him thataway!  
And jawed on, in an undertone,  
'Bout leavin' Lide and Jane alone

There on the place, and me not there  
 To oversee 'em, and p'pare  
 The stuffin' fer the turkey and  
 The sass and all, you understand.

I 've allus managed David by  
 Jes' sayin' *nothin'*. That was why  
 He 'd chased Lide's beau away—'cause  
 Lide

*She 'd* allus take up Perry's side  
 When David tackled him; and so,  
 Last Christmas was a year ago,—  
 Er ruther, 'bout *a week afore*,—  
 David and Perry 'd quarr'l'd about  
 Some tom-fool argyment, you know,  
 And Pap told him to "Jes' git out  
 O' there, and not to come no more,  
 And, when he went, to shet the door!"  
 And as he passed the winder, we  
 Saw Perry, white as white could be,  
 March past, onhitch his hoss, and light  
 A see-gyar, and lope out o' sight.  
 Then Lide she come to me and cried!  
 And I said nothin'—was no need.

And yit, you know, that man jes' got  
Right out o' there 's ef he 'd be'n shot,  
P'tendin' he must go and feed  
The stock er somepin'. Then I tried  
To git the pore girl pacified.

But, gittin' back to — where was we? —  
Oh, yes! — where David lectered me  
All way to meetin', high and low,  
Last Christmas was a year ago :  
Fer all the awful cold, they was  
A fair attendunce ; mostly, though,  
The crowd was 'round the stoves, you see,  
Thawin' their heels and scrougin' us.  
Ef 't 'ad n't be'n fer the old Squire  
Givin' *his* seat to us, as in  
We stomped, a-fairly perishin',  
And David could 'a' got no fire,  
He 'd jes' 'a' drapped there in his tracks :  
And Squire, as I was tryin' to yit  
Make room fer him, says, “No ; the fac's  
Is, *I* got to git up and git  
'*Ithout* no preachin'. Jes' got word —  
Trial fer life — can't be deferred!”

And out he putt! And all way through  
 The sermont—and a long one, too—  
 I could n't he'p but think o' Squire  
 And us changed round so, and admire  
 His gintle ways,—to give his warm  
 Bench up, and have to face the storm.  
 And when I noticed David, he  
 Was needin' jabbin'—I thought best  
 To kind o' sort o' let him rest:  
 'Peared-like he slep' so peacefully!  
 And then I thought o' home, and how  
 And what the gyrls was doin' now,  
 And kind o' prayed, 'way in my breast,  
 And breshed away a tear er two  
 As David waked, and church was through.

By time we 'd "howdyed" round and shuck  
 Hands with the neighbors, must 'a' tuck  
 A half hour longer: ever' one  
 A-sayin' "Christmas gift!" afore  
 David er me — so we got none!  
 But David warmed up, more and more,  
 And got so jokey-like, and had  
 His sperits up, and 'peared so glad,

I whispered to him, "S'pose you ast  
A passel of 'em come and eat  
Their dinners with us. Gyrls 's got  
A full-and-plenty fer the lot  
And all their kin!" So David passed  
The invite round: and ever' seat  
In ever' wagon-bed and sleigh  
Was jes' packed, as we rode away,—  
The young folks, mild er so along,  
A-strikin' up a sleighin'-song,  
Tel David laughed and yelled, you know,  
And jes' whirped up and sent the snow  
And gravel flyin' thick and fast—  
Last Christmas was a year ago.  
W'y, that-air seven-mild ja'nt we come—  
Jes' seven mild scant from church to home—  
It did n't 'pear, *that* day, to be  
Much funder railly 'n 'bout *three*!

But I was purty squeamish by  
The time home hove in sight and I  
See two vehickles standin' there  
Already. So says I, "*Prepare!*"  
All to myse'f. And presently

David he sobered; and says he,  
"Hain't that-air Squire Hanch's old  
Buggy," he says, "and claybank mare?"  
Says I, "Le' 's git in out the cold—  
Your company 's nigh 'bout froze!" He says,  
"Whose sleigh 's that-air, a-standin' there?"  
Says I, "It 's no odds *whose*—*you* jes'  
Drive to the house and let us out,  
'Cause we 're jes' *freezin'*, nigh about!"  
Well, David swung up to the door,  
And out we piled. And first I heerd  
*Jane's* voice, then *Lide's*,—I thought afore  
I reached that gyrl I 'd jes' die, shore;  
And *when* I reached her, would n't keered  
Much ef I had, I was so glad,  
A-kissin' her through my green veil,  
And jes' excitin' her so bad,  
'At *she* broke down *herse'f*—and Jane,  
*She* cried—and we all hugged again.  
And *David*?—David jes' turned pale!—  
Looked at the gyrls, and then at me,  
Then at the open door—and then—  
"Is old Squire Hanch in there?" says he.

The old Squire suddently stood in  
The doorway, with a sneakin' grin.  
"Is Perry Anders in there, too?"  
Says David, limberin' all through,  
As Lide and me both grabbed him, and  
Perry stepped out and waved his hand  
And says, "Yes, Pap." And David jes'  
Stooped and kissed Lide, and says, "I guess  
Yer *mother* 's much to blame as you.  
Ef *she* kin resk him, I kin too!"

. . . . .

The dinner we had then hain't no  
Bit better 'n the one to-day  
'At we 'll have fer 'em. Hear some sleigh  
A-jinglin' now. David, fer *me*,  
I wish you 'd jes' go out and see  
Ef they 're in sight yit. It jes' does  
Me good to think, in times like these,  
Lide 's done so well. And David, he 's  
More tractabler 'n what he was—  
Last Christmas was a year ago.

## THE ALL-KIND MOTHER

Lo, whatever is at hand  
Is full meet for the demand :  
Nature ofttimes giveth best  
When she seemeth chariest.  
She hath shapen shower and sun  
To the need of every one—  
Summer bland and winter drear,  
Dimpled pool and frozen mere.  
All thou lackest she hath still  
Near thy finding and thy fill.  
Yield her fullest faith, and she  
Will endow thee royally.

Loveless weed and lily fair  
She attendeth, here and there—  
Kindly to the weed as to  
The lorn lily teared with dew.



Each to her hath use as dear  
As the other ; an thou clear  
Thy cloyed senses thou may'st see  
Haply all the mystery.

Thou shalt see the lily get  
Its divinest blossom ; yet  
Shall the weed's tip bloom no less  
With the song-bird's gleefulness.

Thou art poor, or thou art rich—  
Never lightest matter which ;  
All the glad gold of the noon,  
All the silver of the moon,  
She doth lavish on thee, while  
Thou withholdest any smile  
Of thy gratitude to her,  
Baser used than usurer.  
Shame be on thee an thou seek  
Not her pardon, with hot cheek,  
And bowed head, and brimming eyes,  
At her merciful "Arise!"



## OUR HIRED GIRL

✓ OUR hired girl, she 's 'Lizabuth Ann ;  
An' she can cook best things to eat !  
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,  
An' pours in somepin' 'at 's good an' sweet ;  
An' nen she salts it all on top  
With cinnamon ; an' nen she 'll stop  
An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,  
In th' old cook-stove, so 's 't won't slop

An' git all spilled ; nen bakes it, so  
It 's custard-pie, first thing you know!  
    An' nen she 'll say,  
    “ Clear out o' my way!  
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!  
    Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!  
    Er I cain't git no cookin' done!”

When our hired girl 'tends like she 's mad,  
    An' says folks got to walk the chalk  
When *she* 's around, er wisht they had!  
    I play out on our porch an' talk  
To th' Raggedy Man 'at mows our lawn ;  
An' he says, “ *Whew!* ” an' nen leans on  
    His old crook-scythe, and blinks his eyes,  
An' sniffs all 'round an' says, “ I swawn!  
    Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,  
    It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!”  
    An' nen *he* 'll say,  
    “ Clear out o' my way!  
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!  
    Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!  
    Er she cain't git no cookin' done!”

Wunst our hired girl, when she  
Got the supper, an' we all et,  
An' it wuz night, an' Ma an' me  
An' Pa went wher' the "Social" met,—  
An' nen when we come home, an' see  
A light in the kitchen-door, an' we  
Heerd a maccordeun, Pa says, "Lan'-  
O'-Gracious! who can *her* beau be?"  
An' I marched in, an' 'Lizabuth Ann  
Wuz parchin' corn fer the Raggedy Man!  
*Better* say,  
"Clear out o' the way!  
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!  
Take the hint, an' run, child, run!  
Er we cain't git no courtin' done!"

## THE RAGGEDY MAN

O THE Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;  
An' he 's the goodest man ever you saw!  
He comes to our house every day,  
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;  
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh  
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;  
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—  
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—

Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, the Raggedy Man—he 's ist so good,  
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;  
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,  
An' does most things 'at *boys* can't do.—  
He clumbed clean up in our big tree  
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—  
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—  
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer the Raggedy Man.—

Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!



An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,  
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes :  
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,  
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!  
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,  
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,  
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can  
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!

Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?

Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he  
Wuz makin' a little bow'-n'-orry fer me,  
Says, "When you 're big like your Pa is,  
Air *you* go' to keep a fine store like his—  
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—  
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows?"  
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,  
An' I says, "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—  
I 'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

✓  
GOIN' TO THE FAIR

(OLD STYLE)

WHEN Me an' my Ma an' Pa went to the Fair,  
Ma borried Mizz Rollins-uz rigg to go there,  
'Cause *our* buggy 's *new*, an' Ma says, "Mercy-sake!  
It would n't hold *half* the folks *she* 's go' to take!"  
An' she took Marindy, an' Jane's twins, an' Jo,  
An' Aunty Van Meters-uz girls—an' old Slo'  
Magee, 'at 's so fat, come a-scrougin' in there,  
When me an' my Ma an' Pa went to the Fair!

The road 's full o' loads-full 'ist ready to bust,  
An' all hot, an' smokin' an' chokin' with dust;  
The Wolffs an' their wagon, an' Brizentines, too—  
An' horses 'ist r'ared when the toot-cars come through!  
An' 'way from fur off we could hear the band play,  
An' peoples all there 'u'd 'ist whoop an' hooray!  
An' I stood on the dash-board, an' Pa boost me there  
'Most high as the fence, when we went to the Fair!



An' when we 'uz there an' inside, we could see  
Wher' the flag 's on a pole wher' a show 's go' to be ;  
An' boys up in trees, an' the grea'-big balloon  
'At did n't gonod up a-tall, all afternoon !  
An' a man in the crowd there gived money away —  
An' Pa says "*he* 'd ruther earn *his* by the day!" —  
An' *he* gim-me some, an' says "ain't nothin' there  
Too good fer his boy," when we went to the Fair!

Wisht the Raggedy Man wuz there, too! — but he  
says,

"Don't talk fairs to *me*, child! I went to one; —  
yes, —

An' they wuz a swing there ye rode — an' I rode,  
An' a thing-um-a-jing 'at ye blowed — an' I blowed;  
An' they wuz a game 'at ye played — an' I played,  
An' a hitch in the same wher' ye paid — an' I paid;  
An' they wuz *two* bad to one good peoples there —  
Like *you* an' your *Pa* an' *Ma* went to the Fair!"

## GLADNESS

My ole man named Silas: he  
Dead long 'fo' ole Gin'l Lee  
S'rendah, whense de wah wuz done.  
Yanks dey tuk de plantation —  
Mos' high-handed evah you see! —  
Das rack roun', an' fiah an' bu'n,  
An' jab de beds wid deir bay'net-gun,  
An' sweah we niggahs all scotch-free,—  
An' Massah John C. Pemberton  
Das tuk an' run!

“Gord Armighy, marm,” he 'low,  
“He'p you an' de chillen now!”  
Blaze crack out 'n de roof inside  
Tel de big house all das charified!  
Smoke roll out 'n de ole hay-mow  
An' de wa'house do'—an' de fiah das roah—

An' all dat 'backer, 'bout half dried,  
Hit smell das fried!

Nelse, my ol'est boy, an' John,—  
Atter de baby das wuz bo'n,  
Erlongse dem times, an' lak ter 'a' died,  
An' Silas he be'n slip an' gone  
'Bout eight weeks ter de Union side,—  
Dem two boys dey start fo' ter fine  
An' jine deir fader acrost de line.  
Ovahseeah he wade an' tromp  
Eveh-which-way fo' to track 'em down —  
Sic de bloodhoun' fro' de swamp —  
An' bring de news dat John he drown' —  
But dey save de houn'!

Someway ner Nelse git fro'  
An' fight fo' de ole Red, White, an' Blue,  
Lak his fader is, ter er heart's delight—  
An' nen crope back wid de news, one night—  
Sayes, "Fader 's killed in a scrimmage-fight,  
An' saunt farewell ter ye all, an' sayes  
Fo' ter name de baby 'Gladness,' 'caze

Mighty nigh she 'uz be'n borned free!"  
An' de boy he smile so strange at me  
I sayes, "Yo' 's hurt *yo'se'f*!" an' he  
Sayes, "I 's killed, too — an' dat 's all else!"  
An' dah lay Nelse!

Hope an' Angrish, de twins, be'n sole  
'Fo' dey mo' 'n twelve year ole:  
An' Mary Magdaline sole too.  
An' dah I 's lef', wid Knox-Andrew,  
An' Lily, an' Maje, an' Margaret,  
An' little gal-babe, 'at 's borned dat new  
She scaisely ole fo' ter be named yet —  
Less 'n de name 'at Si say to —  
An' co'se hit *do*.

An' I taken dem chillen, evah one  
(An' a-oh my Mastah's will be done!),  
An' I break fo' de Norf, whah dey all raised free  
(An' a-oh good Mastah, come git me!).  
Knox-Andrew, on de day he died,  
Lef' his fambly er shop an' er lot berside;  
An' Maje die ownin' er team — an' he  
Lef' all ter me.

Lily she work at de Gran' Hotel —  
 (Mastah! Mastah! take me — do!) —  
 An' Lily she ain' married well:  
 He stob a man — an' she die too;  
 An' Margaret she too full er pride  
 Ter own her kin tel er day she died!  
 But Gladness! — 't ain' soun' sho'-nuff true, —  
 But she teached school! — an' er white folks,  
 Ruspec' dat gal 'mos' high ez I do! —  
 'Caze she 'uz de bes' an de mos' high bred —  
 De las' chile bo'n, an' de las' chile dead,  
 O' all ten head!

. . . . .

Gladness! Gladness! a-oh my chile!  
 Wa'm my soul in yo' sweet smile!  
 Daughter o' Silas! o-rise an' sing  
 Tel er heart-beat pat lak er pigeon-wing!  
 Sayes, O Gladness! wake dem eyes —  
 Sayes, a-lif' dem folded han's, an' rise —  
 Sayes, a-coax me erlong ter Paradise,  
 An' a-hail de King,  
 O Gladness!

## FESSLER'S BEES

“TALKIN’ ’bout yer bees,” says Ike,  
Speakin’ slow and ser’ous-like,  
“D’ ever tell you ’bout old ‘Bee’—  
Old ‘Bee’ Fessler?” Ike says-he!  
“Might call him a *bee-expert*,  
When it come to handlin’ bees,—  
Roll the sleeves up of his shirt  
And wade in amongst the trees  
Where a swarm ’u’d settle, and—  
Blamedest man on top of dirt!—  
Rake ’em with his naked hand  
Right back in the hive ag’in,  
Jes’ as easy as you please!  
Nary bee ’at split the breeze  
Ever jabbed a stinger in  
Old ‘Bee’ Fessler—jes’ in fun,  
Er in *airnest*—nary one!—  
Could n’t agg one *on* to, nuther,  
Ary one way er the other!

“ Old ‘ Bee ’ Fessler,” Ike says-he,  
“ Made a speshyality  
Jes’ o’ bees; and built a shed —  
Len’t’th about a half a mild!  
Had about a *thousan’* head  
O’ hives, I reckon — tame and wild!  
Durndest buzzin’ ever wuz —  
Wuss ’n telegraph-poles does  
When they ’re sockin’ home the news  
Tight as they kin let ’er loose!  
Visitors rag out and come  
Clean from town to hear ’em hum,  
And stop at the kivered bridge;  
But wuz some ’u’d cross the ridge  
Allus, and go clos’ter — so ’s  
They could *see* ’em hum, I s’pose!  
’Peared-like strangers down that track  
Allus met folks comin’ back  
Lookin’ extry fat and hearty  
Fer a city picnic party!

“’Fore he went to Floridy,  
Old ‘ Bee ’ Fessler,” Ike says-he —

“Old ‘Bee’ Fessler could n’t bide  
Childern on his place,” says Ike.  
“Yit, fer all, they ’d climb inside  
And tromp round there, keerless-like,  
In their bare feet. ‘Bee’ could tell  
Ev’ry town-boy by his yell—  
So ’s ’at when they bounced the fence,  
Did n’t make no difference!  
*He ’d jes’ git down on one knee*  
In the grass and pat the bee!—  
And, ef ’t ’ad n’t stayed stuck in,  
Fess’ ’u’d set the sting ag’in,  
’N’ potter off, and wait around  
Fer the old famillyer sound.  
Allus boys there, more er less,  
Scootin’ round the premises!  
When the buckwheat wuz in bloom,  
Lawzy! how them bees ’u’d boom  
Round the boys ’at crossed that way  
Fer the crick on Saturday!  
Never seemed to me su’prisin’  
’At the sting o’ bees ’uz p’izin!

“’Fore he went to Floridy,”  
Ike says, “nothin’ ’bout a bee



'At old Fessler did n't know,—  
W'y, it jes' 'peared-like 'at he  
Knowed their language, high and low :  
Claimed he told jes' by their buzz  
What their wants and wishes wuz!  
Peek in them-air little holes  
Round the porches o' the hive—  
Drat their pesky little souls!—  
Could 'a' skinned the man alive!  
Bore right in there with his thumb,  
And squat down and scrape the gum  
Outen ev'ry hole, and blow  
'N' bresh the crumbs off, don't you  
know!

Take the roof off, and slide back  
Them-air glass concerns they pack  
Full o' honey, and jes' lean  
'N' grabble 'mongst 'em fer the queen!  
Fetch her out and *show* you to her—  
Jes', you might say, *interview* her!

“Year er two,” says Ike, says-he,  
“Fore he went to Floridy,  
Fessler struck the theory,  
*Honey* was the same as *love*—

You could make it day and night :  
Said them bees o' his could be  
Got jes' twic't the work out of  
Ef a feller managed right.  
He contended ef bees found  
*Blossoms* all the year around,  
He could git 'em down at once  
To work all the *winter* months  
Same as *summer*. So, one fall,  
When their summer's work wuz done,  
'Bee' turns in and robs 'em all ;  
Loads the hives then, one by one,  
On the cyars, and 'lowed he'd see  
Ef bees loafed in *Floridy* !  
Said he bet he'd know the reason  
Ef *his* did n't work that season !

"And," says Ike, "it 's jes'," says-he,  
"Like old Fessler says to me :  
'Any man kin fool a *bee*,  
Git him down in *Floridy* !'  
'Peared at fust, as old 'Bee' said,  
Fer to kind o' turn their head

Fer a spell; but, bless you! they  
Did n't lose a half a day  
Altogether! — Jes' lit in  
Them-air tropics, and them-air  
Cacktusses a-ripen-nin',  
'N' magnolyers, and sweet-peas,  
'N' 'simmon and pineapple trees,  
'N' ripe bananners, here and there,  
'N' dates a-danglin' in the breeze,  
'N' figs and reezins ev'rywhere,  
All waitin' jes' fer Fessler's bees!  
'N' Fessler's bees, with gaumy wings,  
A-gittin' down and *whoopin'* things! —  
Fessler kind o' overseein'  
'Em, and sort o' '*hee-o-heein'*!'

“'Fore he went to *Floridy*,  
Old ‘Bee’ Fessler,” Ike says-he,  
“Wuz n't counted, jes' to say,  
Mean er or'n'ry anyway;  
On'y ev'ry 'tarnel dime  
'At 'u'd pass him on the road  
He 'd ketch up with, ev'ry time;  
And no mortal ever knowed

Him to spend a copper cent —  
'Less on some fool-'*speriment*  
With them *bees* — like that-un he  
Played on 'em in Floridy.  
Fess', of course, *he* tuck his ease,  
But 't wuz *bilious* on the bees!  
Sweat, you know, 'u'd jes' stand out  
On their *forreds* — pant and groan,  
And grunt round and limp about! —  
And old 'Bee,' o' course, a-knowin'  
'T wuz n't no fair shake to play  
On them pore dumb insecks, ner  
To abuse 'em thataway.  
*Bees* has rights, I 'm here to say,  
And that 's all they ast him fer!  
Man as mean as *that*, jes' 'pears,  
Could 'a' worked bees on the sheers!  
Cleared big money — well, I guess,  
'Bee' shipped honey, more er less,  
Into ev'ry state, perhaps,  
Ever putt down in the maps!

“ But by time he fetched 'em back  
In the spring ag'in,” says Ike,

“They wuz actin’ s’picious-like:  
Though they ’peared to lost the track  
O’ ev’rything they saw er heard,  
They ’d lay round the porch, and gap’  
At their shadders in the sun,  
Do-less like, ontel some bird  
Suddently ’u’d mayby drap  
In a bloomin’ churry-tree,  
Twitterin’ a tune ’at run  
In their minds familiously!  
They’d revive up, kind o’, then,  
Like they argied: ‘Well, it’s be’n  
The most longest summer we  
Ever saw er want to see!  
Must be *right*, though, er *old ‘Bee’*  
’U’d notify us!’ they says-ee;  
And they’d sort o’ square their chin  
And git down to work ag’in—  
Moanin’ round their honey-makin’,  
Kind o’ like their head was achin’.  
*Tetchin’* fer to see how they  
Trusted Fessler thataway—  
Him a-lazin’ round, and smirkin’  
To hisse’f to see ’em workin’!

“But old ‘Bee,’” says Ike, says-he,—  
“*Now* where is he? *Where* ’s he gone?  
Where’s the head he helt so free?  
Where’s his pride and vanity?  
What’s his hopes a-restin’ on? —  
Never knowed a man,” says Ike,  
“Take advantage of a bee,  
’At affliction did n’t strike  
Round in that vicinity!  
Sinners allus suffers some,  
And *old Fessler’s* reck’nin’ come!  
That-air man to-day is jes’  
Like the grass ’at Scriptur’ says  
Cometh up, and then turns in  
And jes’ gits cut down ag’in!  
Old ‘Bee’ Fessler,” Ike says-he,  
“Says, last fall, says he to me —  
‘Ike,’ says he, ‘them bees has jes’  
Ciphered out my or’n’riness!  
Nary bee in ary swarm  
On the whole endurin’ farm  
Won’t have nothin’ more to do  
With a man as mean as I’ve  
Be’n to them, last year er two!

Nary bee in ary hive  
But 'll turn his face away,  
Like they ort, whenever they  
Hear my footprints drawin' nigh!'  
And old 'Bee,' he 'd sort o' shy  
Round oneasy in his cheer,  
Wipe his eyes, and yit the sap,  
Spite o' all, 'u'd haf' to drap,  
As he wound up: 'Would n't keer  
Quite so much ef they 'd jes' light  
In and settle things up right,  
Like they ort; but — blame the thing! —  
'Pears-like they won't even *sting*!  
*Pepper* me, the way I felt,  
And I 'd thank 'em, ev'ry welt!'  
And as miz'able and mean  
As 'Bee' looked, ef you 'd 'a' seen  
Them-air hungry eyes," says Ike,  
"You 'd fergive him, more 'n like.

"Wisht you had 'a' knowed old 'Bee'  
'Fore he went to Floridy!"



## A LIFE TERM

SHE was false, and he was true,—  
Thus their lives were rent apart;  
'T was his dagger driven through  
A mad rival's heart.

He was shut away. The moon  
May not find him; nor the stars—  
Nay, nor yet the sun of noon  
Pierce his prison bars.

She was left—again to sin—  
Mistress of all siren arts:  
The poor, soulless heroine  
Of a hundred hearts!



Though she dare not think of him  
Who believed her lies, and so  
Sent a ghost adown the dim  
Path she dreads to go,—

He, in fancy, smiling, sips  
Of her kisses, purer yet  
Than the dew upon the lips  
Of the violet.



## “THE LITTLE MAN IN THE TINSHOP”

✓ WHEN I was a little boy, long ago,  
And spoke of the theatre as “the show,”  
The first one that I went to see,  
Mother’s brother it was took me—  
(My uncle, of course, though he seemed to be  
Only a boy—I loved him so!)

And ah, how pleasant he made it all!  
And the things he knew that *I* should know! —  
The stage, the "drop," and the frescoed wall;  
The sudden flash of the lights; and oh,  
The orchestra, with its melody,  
And the lilt and jingle and jubilee  
Of "The Little Man in the Tinshop"!



For Uncle showed me "The Leader" there,  
With his pale, bleak forehead and long, black hair;  
Showed me the "Second," and "Cello," and "Bass,"  
And the "B-Flat," pouting and puffing his face  
At the little end of the horn he blew  
Silvery bubbles of music through;

And he coined me names of them, each in turn,  
Some comical name that I laughed to learn,  
Clean on down to the last and best,—  
The lively little man, never at rest,  
Who hides away at the end of the string,  
And tinkers and plays on everything,—  
That 's "The Little Man in the Tinshop"!



Raking a drum like a rattle of hail,  
Clinking a cymbal or castanet;  
Chirping a twitter or sending a wail  
Through a piccolo that thrills me yet;  
Reeling ripples of riotous bells,  
And tipsy tinkles of triangles—



Wrangled and tangled in skeins of sound  
Till it seemed that my very soul spun round,  
As I leaned, in a breathless joy, toward my  
Radiant uncle, who snapped his eye  
And said, with the courtliest wave of his hand,  
“Why, that little master of all the band  
Is The Little Man in the Tinshop !



" And I 've heard Verdi, the Wonderful,  
And Paganini, and Ole Bull,  
Mozart, Handel, and Mendelssohn,  
And fair Parepa, whose matchless tone  
Karl, her master, with magic bow,  
Blent with the angels', and held her so



Tranced till the rapturous Infinite—  
And I 've heard arias, faint and low,  
From many an operatic light  
Glimmering on my swimming sight  
Dimmer and dimmer, until, at last,  
I still sit, holding my roses fast

For The Little Man in the Tinshop."



Oho! my Little Man, joy to you—  
And *yours*—and *theirs*—your lifetime through!  
Though *I've* heard melodies, boy and man,  
Since first "the show" of my life began,  
Never yet have I listened to  
Sadder, madder, or gladder glees  
Than your unharmonied harmonies;

For yours is the music that appeals  
To all the fervor the boy's heart feels—  
All his glories, his wildest cheers,  
His bravest hopes, and his brightest tears ;  
And so, with his first bouquet, he kneels  
To "The Little Man in the Tinshop."





## FROM A BALLOON

Ho! we are loose. Hear how they shout,  
And how their clamor dwindles out  
Beneath us to the merest hum  
Of earthly acclamation. Come,  
Lean with me here and look below —  
Why, bless you, man! don't tremble so!  
There is no need of fear up here —  
Not higher than the buzzard swings  
About upon the atmosphere,  
With drowsy eyes and open wings!  
There, steady, now, and feast your eyes;—  
See, we are tranced—we do not rise;  
It is the earth that sinks from us:  
But when I first beheld it thus,  
And felt the breezes downward flow,  
And heard all noises fail and die,  
Until but silence and the sky  
Above, around me, and below,—  
Why, like you now, I swooned almost,  
With mingled awe and fear and glee —  
As giddy as an hour-old ghost  
That stares into eternity.

## “TRADIN’ JOE”

I ’m one o’ these cur’ous kind o’ chaps  
You think you know when you don’t, perhaps!  
I hain’t no fool—ner I don’t p’tend  
To be so smart I could rickommend  
Myself fer a *congerssman*, my friend!—  
But I ’m kind o’ betwixt-and-between, you know,—  
One o’ these fellers ’at folks calls “slow.”  
And I ’ll say jest here I ’m kind o’ queer  
Regardin’ things ’at I *see* and *hear*,—  
Fer I ’m *thick* o’ hearin’ *sometimes*, and  
It ’s hard to git me to understand;  
But other times it hain’t, you bet!  
Fer I don’t sleep with both eyes shet!

I ’ve swopped a power in stock, and so  
The neighbors calls me “Tradin’ Joe”—  
And I ’m goin’ to tell you ’bout a trade,—  
And one o’ the best I ever made:

Folks has gone so fur ’s to say  
’At I ’m well fixed, in a *worldly* way,

And *bein'* so, and a *widower*,  
 It 's not su'prisin', as you 'll infer,  
 I 'm purty handy among the sect—  
 Widders especially, rickollect!  
 And I won't deny that along o' late  
 I 've hankered a heap fer the married state—  
 But some way o' 'nother the longer we wait  
 The harder it is to discover a mate.

Marshall Thomas,—a friend o' mine,  
 Doin' some in the tradin' line,  
 But a'most too *young* to know it all—  
 On'y at *picnics* er some *ball*!—  
 Says to me, in a banterin' way,  
 As we was a-loadin' stock one day,—

"You 're a-huntin' a wife, and I want you to see  
 My girl's mother, at Kankakee!—  
 She hain't over forty—good-lookin' and spry,  
 And jest the woman to fill your eye!  
 And I 'm a-goin' there Sund'y,—and now," says he,  
 "I want to take you along with *me*;  
 And you marry *her*, and," he says, "by 'shaw!  
 You 'll hev me fer yer son-in-law!"

I studied a while, and says I, "Well, I 'll  
First have to see ef she suits my style;  
And ef she does, you kin bet your life  
Your mother-in-law will be my wife!"

Well, Sund'y come; and I fixed up some—  
Putt on a collar—I did, by gum!—  
Got down my "plug," and my satin vest—  
(You would n't know me to see me dressed!—  
But any one knows ef you got the clothes  
You kin go in the crowd wher' the best of 'em goes!)  
And I greeced my boots, and combed my hair  
Keerfully over the bald place there;  
And Marshall Thomas and me that day  
Eat our dinners with Widder Gray  
And her girl Han'! \* \* \*

Well, jest a glance  
O' the widder's smilin' countenance,  
A-cuttin' up chicken and big pot-pies,  
Would make a man hungry in Paradise!  
And passin' p'serves and jelly and cake  
'At would make an *angel's* appetite *ache*!—

Pourin' out coffee as yaller as gold—  
 Twic't as much as the cup could hold—  
 La! it was rich!— And then she 'd say,  
 "Take some o' *this!*" in her coaxin' way,  
 Tel ef I 'd been a hoss I 'd a-*founded*, shore,  
 And jest dropped dead on her white-oak floor!

Well, the way I talked would a-done you good,  
 Ef you 'd a-been there to a-understood;  
 Tel I noticed Hanner and Marshall, they  
 Was a-noticin' me in a cur'ous way;  
 So I says to myse'f, says I, "Now, Joe,  
 The best thing fer you is to jest go slow!"  
 And I simmered down, and let them do  
 The bulk o' the talkin' the evening through.

And Marshall was still in a talkative gait  
 When we left, that evening—tollable late.  
 "How do you like her?" he says to me;  
 Says I, "She suits, to a 't-y-*Tee*'!"  
 And then I ast how matters stood  
 With him in the *opposite* neighborhood?  
 "Bully!" he says; "I ruther guess  
 I 'll finally git her to say the 'yes.'"

I named it to her to-night, and she  
Kind o' smiled, and said '*she 'd see*'—  
And that 's a purty good sign!" says he:  
"Yes," says I, "you 're ahead o' *me*!"  
And then he laughed, and said, "*Go in*!"  
And patted me on the shoulder ag'in.

Well, ever sence then I 've been ridin' a good  
Deal through the Kankakee neighborhood;  
And I make it convenient sometimes to stop  
And hitch a few minutes, and kind o' drop  
In at the widder's, and talk o' the crop  
And one thing o' 'nother. And week afore last  
The notion struck me, as I drove past,  
I 'd stop at the place and state my case—  
Might as well do it at first as last!

I felt first-rate; so I hitched at the gate,  
And went up to the house; and, strange to relate,  
*Marshall Thomas* had dropped in, *too*.—  
"Glad to see you, sir, how do you do?"  
He says, says he! Well—it *sounded queer*;  
And when Han' told me to take a cheer,

Marshall got up and putt out o' the room—  
 And motioned his hand fer the *widder* to come.  
 I did n't say nothin' fer quite a spell,  
 But thinks I to myse'f, "Ther' 's a dog in the well!"  
 And Han' *she* smiled so cur'ous at me—  
 Says I, "What 's up?" And she says, says she,  
 "Marshall 's been at me to marry ag'in,  
 And I told him 'no,' jest as you come in."  
 Well, sumepin' o' 'nother in that girl's voice  
 Says to me, "Joseph, here 's your choice!"  
 And another minute her guileless breast  
 Was lovin'ly throbbin' ag'in my vest!—  
 And then I kissed her, and heerd a smack  
 Come like a' echo a-flutterin' back,  
 And we looked around, and in full view  
 Marshall was kissin' the widder too!  
 Well, we all of us laughed, in our glad su'prise,  
 Tel the tears come *a-streamin'* out of our eyes!  
 And when Marsh said "'T was the squarest trade  
 That ever me and him had made,"  
 We both shuck hands, 'y jucks! and swore  
 We 'd stick together ferevermore.  
 And old 'Squire Chipman tuck us the trip:  
 And Marshall and me 's in pardnership!

## UNCLE WILLIAM'S PICTURE

UNCLE WILLIAM, last July,  
Had his picture took.  
“Have it done, of course,” says I,  
“Jes’ the way you look!”  
(All dressed up, he was, fer the  
Barbecue and jubilee  
The old settlers helt.) So he—  
Last he had it took.

Lide she ’d coaxed and begged and pled,  
Sence her mother went;  
But he ’d cough and shake his head  
At all argyment;  
Mebby clear his th’oat and say,  
“What ’s *my* likeness ’mount to, hey,  
Now with *Mother* gone away  
From us, like she went?”

But we projicked round, tel we  
Got it figgered down



How we 'd git him, Lide and me,  
    Drivin' into town;  
Bragged how well he looked and fleshed  
Up around the face, and freshed  
With the morning air; and breshed  
    His coat-collar down.

All so providential! W'y,  
    Now he 's dead and gone,  
Picture 'pears so lifelike I  
    Want to start him on  
Them old tales he ust to tell,  
And old talks so sociable,  
And old songs he sung so well —  
    'Fore his voice was gone!

Face is sad to *Lide*, and they 's  
    Sorrow in the eyes —  
Kisses it sometimes, and lays  
    It away and cries.  
I smooth down her hair, and 'low  
He is happy, anyhow,  
Bein' there with Mother now, —  
    Smile, and wipe my eyes.

## THE FISHING-PARTY

WUNST we went a-fishin'— Me  
An' my Pa an' Ma, all three,  
When they wuz a picnic, 'way  
Out to Hanch's Woods, one day.

An' they wuz a crick out there,  
Where the fishes is, an' where  
Little boys 't ain't big an' strong  
Better have their folks along!

My Pa he ist fished an' fished!  
An' my Ma she said she wished  
Me an' her was home; an' Pa  
Said he wished so worse 'n Ma.

Pa said ef you talk, er say  
Anything, er sneeze, er play,  
Hain't no fish, alive er dead,  
Ever go' to bite! he said.

Purt'-nigh dark in town when we  
Got back home ; an' Ma, says she,  
*Now* she 'll have a fish fer shore!  
An' she buyed one at the store.

Nen at supper, Pa he won't  
*Eat* no fish, an' says he don't  
Like 'em.—An' he pounded me  
When I choked! . . . Ma, did n't he?



## SQUIRE HAWKINS'S STORY

I HAIN'T no hand at tellin' tales,  
Er spinnin' yarns, as the sailors say ;  
Someway o' 'nother, language fails  
To slide fer me in the oily way  
That *lawyers* has ; and I wisht it would,  
Fer I 've got somepin' that I call good ;  
But bein' only a country squire,  
I 've learned to listen and admire,  
Ruther preferrin' to be addressed  
Than talk myse'f—but I 'll do my best:—

Old Jeff Thompson—well, I 'll say,  
Was the clos'test man I ever saw!—  
*Rich* as cream, but the porest pay,  
And the meanest man to work fer—La!  
I 've knowed that man to work one "hand"—  
Fer little er nothin', you understand—  
From four o'clock in the morning light  
Tel eight and nine o'clock at night,  
And then find fault with his appetite!

He 'd drive all over the neighborhood  
To miss the place where a toll-gate stood,  
And slip in town, by some old road  
That no two men in the county knowed,  
With a jag o' wood, and a sack o' wheat,  
That would n't burn and you could n't eat!  
And the trades he 'd make, 'll I jest de-clare,  
Was enough to make a preacher swear!  
And then he 'd hitch, and hang about  
Tel the lights in the toll-gate was blowed out,  
And then the turnpike he 'd turn in  
And sneak his way back home ag'in!

Some folks hint, and I make no doubt,  
That that 's what wore his old wife out—  
Toilin' away from day to day  
And year to year, through heat and cold,  
Uncomplainin'—the same old way  
The martyrs died in the days of old;  
And a-clingin', too, as the martyrs done,  
To one fixed faith, and her *only* one,—  
Little Patience, the sweetest child  
That ever wept unrickonciled,

Er felt the pain and the ache and sting  
That only a mother's death can bring.

Patience Thompson! — I think that name  
Must a-come from a power above,  
Fer it seemed to fit her jest the same  
As a *gaiter* would, er a fine kid glove!  
And to see that girl, with all the care  
Of the household on her — I de-clare  
It was *oudacious*, the work she 'd do,  
And the thousand plans that she 'd putt through;  
And sing like a medder-lark all day long,  
And drownd her cares in the joys o' song;  
And *laugh* sometimes tel the farmer's "hand,"  
Away fur off in the fields, would stand  
A-listenin', with the plow half drawn,  
Tel the coaxin' echoes called him on;  
And the furries seemed, in his dreamy eyes,  
Like footpaths a-leadin' to Paradise,  
As off through the hazy atmosphere  
The call fer dinner reached his ear.

Now *love* 's as cunnin' a little thing  
As a hummin'-bird upon the wing,

And as liable to poke his nose  
Jest where folks would least suppose,—  
And more 'n likely build his nest  
Right in the heart you 'd leave unguessed,  
And live and thrive at your expense—  
At least, that 's *my* experience.  
And old Jeff Thompson often thought,  
In his se'fish way, that the quiet John  
Was a stiddy chap, as a farm-hand *ought*  
To always be,—fer the airliest dawn  
Found John busy—and “*easy*,” too,  
Whenever his *wages* would fall due!—  
To sum him up with a final touch,  
He *eat* so little and *worked* so much,  
That old Jeff laughed to hisse'f and said,  
“He makes *me* money and airns his bread!”

But John, fer all of his quietude,  
Would sometimes drap a word er so  
That none but *Patience* understood,  
And none but her was *meant* to know!—  
Mayby at meal-times John would say,  
As the sugar-bowl come down his way,

“Thanky, no; *my* coffee 's sweet  
Enough fer *me!*” with sich conceit,  
*She* 'd know at once, without no doubt,  
*He* meant because *she* poured it out;  
And smile and blush, and all sich stuff,  
And ast ef it was “*strong* enough?”  
And git the answer, neat and trim,  
“It *could n't* be too ‘strong’ fer *him!*”

And so things went fer 'bout a year,  
Tel John, at last, found pluck to go  
And pour his tale in the old man's ear—  
And ef it had been *hot lead*, I know  
It could n't a-raised a louder fuss,  
Ner a-riled the old man's temper wuss!  
He jest *lit* in, and cussed and swore,  
And lunged and rared, and ripped and tore,  
And told John jest to leave his door,  
And not to darken it no more!  
But Patience cried, with eyes all wet,  
“Remember, John, and don't ferget,  
*Whatever* comes, I love you yet!”  
But the old man thought, in his se'fish way,  
“I 'll see her married rich some day;



And *that*," thinks he, "is money fer *me* —  
And my will 's *law*, as it ought to be!"

So when, in the course of a month er so,  
A *widower*, with a farm er two,  
Comes to Jeff's, w'y, the folks, you know,  
Had to *talk* — as the folks 'll do:  
It was the talk of the neighborhood—  
*Patience* and *John*, and *their* affairs;—  
And this old chap with a few gray hairs  
Had "cut John out," it was understood.  
And some folks reckoned "Patience, too,  
Knowed what *she* was a-goin' to do—  
It was *like* her—la! indeed!—  
All *she* loved was *dollars* and *cents*—  
*Like old Jeff*—and they saw no need  
Fer *John* to pine at *her* negligence!"

But others said, in a *kinder* way,  
They missed the songs she used to sing—  
They missed the smiles that used to play  
Over her face, and the laughin' ring  
Of her glad voice—that *everything*

Of her *old* se'f seemed dead and gone,  
And this was the ghost that they gazed on!

Tel finally it was noised about  
There was a *weddin'* soon to be  
Down at Jeff's; and the "cat was out"  
Shore enough!—'Ll the *Jee-mun-nee!*  
It *riled* me when John told me so,—  
Fer *I was a friend o' John's*, you know;  
And his trimblin' voice jest broke in two—  
As a feller's voice 'll sometimes do.—  
And I says, says I, "Ef I know my biz—  
And I think I know what *jestice* is,—  
I 've read *some* law—and I 'd advise  
A man like you to wipe his eyes,  
And square his jaws and start *ag'in*,  
*Fer jestice is a-goin' to win!*"  
And it was n't long tel his eyes had cleared  
As blue as the skies, and the *sun* appeared  
In the shape of a good, old-fashioned smile  
That I had n't seen fer a long, long while.

So we talked on fer a' hour er more,  
And sunned ourselves in the open door,—

Tel a hoss-and-buggy down the road  
Come a-drivin' up, that I guess John *knowed*,—  
Fer he winked and says, "I 'll dessappear—  
*They 'd* smell a mice ef they saw *me* here!"  
And he thumbed his nose at the old gray mare,  
And hid hisse'f in the house somewhere.

Well.—The rig drove up: and I raised my head  
As old Jeff hollered to me and said  
That "him and his old friend there had come  
To see ef the squire was at home."  
. . . I told 'em "I was; and I *aimed* to be  
At every chance of a weddin'-fee!"  
And then I laughed—and they laughed, too,—  
Fer that was the object they had in view.  
"Would I be on hands at eight that night?"  
They ast; and 's-I, "You 're mighty right,  
*I 'll* be on hands!" And then I bu'st  
Out a-laughin' my very wu'st,—  
And so did they, as they wheeled away  
And drove to'rds town in a cloud o' dust.  
Then I shet the door, and me and John  
Laughed and *laughed*, and jest *laughed* on,

Tel Mother drapped her specs, and *by*  
*Jeewhillikers!* I thought she 'd *die!*—  
And she could n't a-told, I 'll bet my hat,  
What on earth she was laughin' at!

But all o' the fun o' the tale hain't done!—  
Fer a drizzlin' rain had jest begun,  
And a-havin' 'bout four mile' to ride,  
I jest concluded I 'd better light  
Out fer Jeff's and save my hide,—  
Fer *it was a-goin' to storm, that night!*  
So we went down to the barn, and John  
Saddled my beast, and I got on;  
And he told me somepin' to not ferget,  
And when I left, he was *laughin'* yet.

And, 'proachin' on to my journey's end,  
The great big draps o' the rain come down,  
And the thunder growled in a way to lend  
An awful look to the lowerin' frown  
The dull sky wore; and the lightnin' glanced  
Tel my old mare jest *more 'n* pranced,  
And tossed her head, and bugged her eyes  
To about four times their natchurl size,

As the big black lips of the clouds 'ud drap  
Out some oath of a thunder-clap,  
And threaten on in an undertone  
That chilled a feller clean to the bone!

But I struck shelter soon enough  
To save myse'f. And the house was jammed  
With the women-folks, and the weddin'-stuff:—  
A great, long table, fairly *crammed*  
With big pound-cakes—and chops and steaks—  
And roasts and stews—and stumick-aches  
Of every fashion, form, and size,  
From twisters up to punkin-pies!  
And candies, oranges, and figs,  
And reezins,—all the “whilligigs”  
And “jim-cracks” that the law allows  
On sich occasions!—Bobs and bows  
Of gigglin' girls, with corkscrew curls,  
And fancy ribbons, reds and blues,  
And “beau-ketchers” and “curliques”  
To beat the world! And seven o'clock  
Brought old Jeff;—and brought—*the groom*,—  
With a sideboard-collar on, and stock  
That choked him so, he had n't room

To *swallow* in, er even sneeze,  
Er clear his th'roat with any ease  
Er comfort—and a good square cough  
Would saw his Adam's-apple off!

But as fer *Patience*—*My!* Oomh-oomh!—  
I never saw her look so sweet!—  
Her face was cream and roses, too;  
And then them eyes o' heavenly blue  
Jest made an angel all complete!  
And when she split 'em up in smiles  
And splintered 'em around the room,  
And danced acrost and met the groom,  
And *laughed out loud*—It kind o' spiles  
My language when I come to that—  
Fer, as she laid away his hat,  
Thinks I, "*The papers hid inside  
Of that said hat must make a bride  
A happy one fer all her life,*  
Er else a *wrecked and wretched wife!*"  
And, someway, then, I thought of *John*,—  
Then looked to'rds *Patience*. . . . She was *gone!*—  
The door stood open, and the rain  
Was dashin' in; and sharp and plain

Above the storm we heerd a cry—  
A ringin', laughin', loud "Good-by!"  
That died away, as fleet and fast  
A hoss's hoofs went splashin' past!  
And that was all. 'T was done that quick! . . .  
You 've heerd o' fellers "lookin' sick"?  
I wisht you 'd seen *the groom* jest then—  
I wisht you 'd seen them two old men,  
With starin' eyes that fairly *glared*  
At one another, and the scared  
And empty faces of the crowd,—  
I wisht you could a-been allowed  
To jest look on and see it all,—  
And heerd the girls and women bawl  
And wring their hands; and heerd old Jeff  
A-cussin' as he swung hisse'f  
Upon his hoss, who champed his bit  
As though old Nick had holt of it:  
And cheek by jowl the two old wrecks  
Rode off as though they 'd break their necks.

And as we all stood starin' out  
Into the night, I felt the brush

Of some one's hand, and turned about,  
And heerd a voice that whispered, "*Hush!—*  
*They 're waitin' in the kitchen, and*  
*You 're wanted. Don't you understand?*"

Well, ef my *memory* serves me now,  
I think I winked.—Well, anyhow,  
I left the crowd a-gawkin' there,  
And jest slipped off around to where  
The back-door opened, and went in,  
And turned and shet the door ag'in,  
And mayby *locked* it—could n't swear,—  
A woman's arms around me makes  
Me liable to make mistakes.—  
I read a marriage license nex',  
But as I did n't have my specs  
I jest *inferred* it was all right,  
And tied the knot so mortal-tight  
That Patience and my old friend John  
Was safe enough from that time on!

Well now I might go on and tell  
How all the joke at last leaked out,  
And how the youngsters raised the yell  
And rode the happy groom about



Upon their shoulders; how the bride  
Was kissed a hunderd times beside  
The one *I* give her,—tel she cried  
And laughed untel she like to died!  
I might go on and tell you all  
About the supper—and the *ball*.—  
You 'd ought to see me twist my heel  
Through jest one old Furginny reel  
Afore you die! er tromp the strings  
Of some old fiddle tel she sings  
Some old cowtillion, don't you know,  
That putts the devil in yer toe!

We kep' the dancin' up tel *four*  
O'clock, I reckon — mayby more.—  
We hardly heerd the thunders roar,  
Er *thought* about the *storm* that blowed—  
*And them two fellers on the road!*  
Tel all at onc't we heerd the door  
Bu'st open, and a voice that *swore*,—  
And old Jeff Thompson tuck the floor.  
He shuck hisse'f and looked around  
Like some old dog about half-drown'd—  
*His hat*, I reckon, *weighed ten pound*

To say the least, and I 'll say, *shore*,  
His *overcoat weighed fifty* more—  
*The wettest man you ever saw,*  
*To have so dry a son-in-law!*

He sized it all; and Patience laid  
Her hand in John's, and looked afraid,  
And waited. And a stiller set  
O' folks, I *know*, you never met  
In any court-room, where with dread  
They wait to hear a verdick read.

The old man turned his eyes on me:  
“And have you married 'em?” says he.  
I nodded “Yes.” “Well, that 'll do,”  
He says, “and now we 're th'ough with *you*,—  
*You* jest clear out, and I decide  
And promise to be satisfied!”  
He had n't nothin' more to say.  
I saw, of course, how matters lay,  
And left. But as I rode away  
I heerd the roosters crow fer day.

## DEAD SELVES

How many of my selves are dead?  
The ghosts of many haunt me: Lo,  
The baby in the tiny bed  
With rockers on, is blanketed  
And sleeping in the long ago;  
And so I ask, with shaking head,  
How many of my selves are dead?

A little face with drowsy eyes  
And lisping lips comes mistily  
From out the faded past, and tries  
The prayers a mother breathed with sighs  
Of anxious care in teaching me;  
But face and form and prayers have fled—  
How many of my selves are dead?

The little naked feet that slipped  
In truant paths, and led the way  
Through dead'ning pasture-lands, and tripped  
O'er tangled poison-vines, and dipped  
In streams forbidden—where are they?  
In vain I listen for their tread—  
How many of my selves are dead?

The awkward boy the teacher caught  
Inditing letters filled with love,  
Who was compelled, for all he fought,  
To read aloud each tender thought  
Of "Sugar Lump" and "Turtle Dove." . . .  
I wonder where he hides his head—  
How many of my selves are dead?

The earnest features of a youth  
With manly fringe on lip and chin,  
With eager tongue to tell the truth,  
To offer love and life, forsooth,  
So brave was he to woo and win;  
A prouder man was never wed—  
How many of my selves are dead?

The great, strong hands so all-inclined  
To welcome toil, or smooth the care  
From mother-brows, or quick to find  
A leisure-scrap of any kind,  
To toss the baby in the air,  
Or clap at babbling things it said—  
How many of my selves are dead?

The pact of brawn and scheming brain —  
Conspiring in the plots of wealth,  
Still delving, till the lengthened chain,  
Unwindlassed in the mines of gain,  
Recoils with dregs of ruined health  
And pain and poverty instead —  
How many of my selves are dead?

The faltering step, the faded hair —  
Head, heart and soul, all echoing  
With maundering fancies that declare  
That life and love were never there,  
Nor ever joy in anything,  
Nor wounded heart that ever bled —  
How many of my selves are dead?

So many of my selves are dead,  
That, bending here above the brink  
Of my last grave, with dizzy head,  
I find my spirit comforted,  
For all the idle things I think :  
It can but be a peaceful bed,  
Since all my other selves are dead.

## IN SWIMMING-TIME

CLOUDS above, as white as wool,  
Drifting over skies as blue  
As the eyes of beautiful  
Children when they smile at you ;  
Groves of maple, elm, and beech,  
With the sunshine sifted through  
Branches, mingling each with each,  
Dim with shade and bright with dew ;  
Stripling trees, and poplars hoar,  
Hickory and sycamore,  
And the drowsy dogwood bowed  
Where the ripples laugh aloud,  
And the crooning creek is stirred  
To a gaiety that now  
Mates the warble of the bird  
Teetering on the hazel-bough ;  
Grasses long and fine and fair  
As your schoolboy sweetheart's hair,

Backward roached and twirled and twined  
By the fingers of the wind ;  
Vines and mosses, interlinked  
    Down dark aisles and deep ravines,  
Where the stream runs, willow-brinked,  
    Round a bend where some one leans  
Faint and vague and indistinct  
    As the like reflected thing  
    In the current shimmering.  
Childish voices farther on,  
Where the truant stream has gone,  
Vex the echoes of the wood  
Till no word is understood,  
Save that one is well aware  
Happiness is hiding there.  
There, in leafy coverts, nude  
    Little bodies poise and leap,  
Spattering the solitude  
And the silence everywhere—  
    Mimic monsters of the deep!  
Wallowing in sandy shoals—  
    Plunging headlong out of sight ;  
    And, with spurtings of delight,  
Clutching hands, and slippery soles,

Climbing up the treacherous steep  
Over which the spring-board spurns  
Each again as he returns.

Ah! the glorious carnival!

Purple lips and chattering teeth—  
Eyes that burn—but, in beneath,  
Every care beyond recall,  
Every task forgotten quite—  
And again, in dreams at night,  
Dropping, drifting through it all!



## SONG OF THE BULLET

It whizzed and whistled along the blurred  
And red-blent ranks ; and it nicked the star  
Of an epaulette, as it snarled the word—  
War!

On it sped—and the lifted wrist  
Of the ensign-bearer stung, and straight  
Dropped at his side as the word was hissed—  
Hate!

On went the missile—smoothed the blue  
Of a jaunty cap and the curls thereof,  
Cooing, soft as a dove might do—  
Love!

Sang!—sang on!—sang hate—sang war—  
Sang love, in sooth, till it needs must cease,  
Hushed in the heart it was questing for.—  
Peace!

## DEAD, MY LORDS

DEAD, my lords and gentlemen!—  
Stilled the tongue, and stayed the pen;  
Cheek unflushed and eye unlit—  
Done with life, and glad of it.

Curb your praises now as then:  
Dead, my lords and gentlemen.—  
What he wrought found its reward  
In the tolerance of the Lord.

Ye who fain had barred his path,  
Dread ye now this look he hath?—  
Dead, my lords and gentlemen—  
Dare ye not smile back again?

Low he lies, yet high and great  
Looms he, lying thus in state.—  
How exalted o'er ye when  
Dead, my lords and gentlemen!



## HOME AGAIN

I 'm bin a-visitun 'bout a week  
To my little Cousin's at Nameless Creek;  
An' I 'm got the hives an' a new straw hat,  
An' I 'm come back home where my beau lives at.

✓  
A SEA-SONG FROM THE SHORE

HAIL! Ho!  
Sail! Ho!  
Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!  
Who calls to me,  
So far at sea?  
Only a little boy!

Sail! Ho!  
Hail! Ho!  
The sailor he sails the sea:  
I wish he would capture a little sea-horse  
And send him home to me.

I wish, as he sails  
Through the tropical gales,  
He would catch me a sea-bird, too,  
With its silver wings  
And the song it sings,  
And its breast of down and dew!

I wish he would catch me a  
Little mermaid,  
Some island where he lands,  
With her dripping curls,  
And her crown of pearls,  
And the looking-glass in her hands!

Hail! Ho!  
Sail! Ho!  
Sail far o'er the fabulous main!  
And if I were a sailor,  
I 'd sail with you,  
Though I never sailed back again.



## A BOY'S MOTHER

My Mother she 's so good to me,  
Ef I wuz good as I could be,  
I could n't be as good—no, *sir!*—  
Can't *any* boy be good as *her!*

She loves me when I 'm glad er sad ;  
She loves me when I 'm good er bad ;  
An', what 's a funniest thing, she says  
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me.—  
*That* don't hurt,—but it hurts to see  
Her cryin'.—Nen *I* cry; an' nen  
We *both* cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews  
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;  
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,  
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,  
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;  
An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa,  
An' love him purt'-nigh much as Ma.



## THE RUNAWAY BOY

✓ WUNST I sassed my Pa, an' he  
Won't stand that, an' punished me,—  
Nen when he wuz gone that day,  
I slipped out an' runned away.

I tooked all my copper-cents,  
An' clumbed over our back fence  
In the jimpson-weeds 'at grewed  
Ever'where all down the road.



Nen I got out there, an' nen  
I runned some—an' runned again,  
When I met a man 'at led  
A big cow 'at shooked her head.

I went down a long, long lane  
Where wuz little pigs a-play'n' ;  
An' a grea'-big pig went "*Booh!*"  
An' jumped up, an' skeered me too.

Nen I scampered past, an' they  
Was somebody hollered "*Hey!*"  
An' I ist looked ever'where,  
An' they wuz nobody there.

I *want* to, but I 'm 'fraid to try  
To go back. . . . An' by-an'-by  
Somepin' hurts my th'oat inside—  
An' I want my Ma—an' cried.

Nen a grea'-big girl come through  
Where 's a gate, an' telled me who  
Am I? an' ef I tell where  
My home 's at she 'll show me there.

But I could n't ist but tell  
What 's my *name*; an' she says "well,"  
An' ist tooked me up an' says  
"She know where I live, she guess."

Nen she telled me hug wite close  
Round her neck!—an' off she goes  
Skippin' up the street! An' nen  
Purty soon I 'm home again.

An' my Ma, when she kissed me,  
Kissed the big girl too, an' *she*  
Kissed me—ef I p'omise shore  
I won't run away no more!

## THE SPOILED CHILD

✓ 'CAUSE Herbert Graham 's a' only child—

“Wuz I there, Ma?”

His parunts uz got him purt'-nigh spiled—

“Wuz I there, Ma?”

Allus ever'where his Ma tells

Where *she* 's bin at, little Herbert yells,

“Wuz I there, Ma?”

An' when she telled us wunst when she

Wuz ist 'bout big as him an' me,

W'y, little Herbert he says, says-ee,

“Wuz I there, Ma?”

Foolishest young-un you ever saw.—

“*Wuz I there, Ma? Wuz I there, Ma?*”

## THE KIND OLD MAN

THE kind old man—the mild old man—  
Who smiled on the boys at play,  
Dreaming, perchance, of his own glad youth  
When he was as blithe and gay!

And the larger urchin tossed the ball,  
And the lesser held the bat—  
Though the kindly old man's eyes were blurred  
He could even notice that!

But suddenly he was shocked to hear  
Words that I dare not write,  
And he hastened, in his kindly way,  
To curb them as he might!

And he said, "Tut! tut! you naughty boy  
With the ball! for shame!" and then,  
"You boy with the bat, whack him over the head  
If he calls you that again!"

The kind old man—the mild old man—  
Who gazed on the boys at play,  
Dreaming, perchance, of his own wild youth  
When he was as tough as they!



## THE BOY LIVES ON OUR FARM

✓ THE Boy lives on our Farm, he 's not  
Afeard o' horses none!  
An' he can make 'em lope, er trot,  
Er rack, er pace, er run.  
Sometimes he drives *two* horses, when  
He comes to town an' brings  
A wagonful o' 'taters nen,  
An' roastin'-ears an' things.

Two horses is "a team," he says,—  
An' when you drive er hitch,  
The *right* un 's a "near-horse," I guess,  
Er "off"—I don't know which.—  
The Boy lives on our Farm, he told  
Me, too, 'at he can see,  
By lookin' at their teeth, how old  
A horse is, to a T!

I 'd be the gladdest boy alive  
Ef I knowed much as that,  
An' could stand up like him an' drive,  
An' ist push back my hat,  
Like he comes skallyhootin' through  
Our alley, with one arm  
A-wavin' Fare-ye-well! to you—  
The Boy lives on our Farm!

## THE DOODLE-BUGS'S CHARM

WHEN Uncle Sidney he comes here —  
An' Fred an' me an' Min,—  
My Ma she says she bet you yet  
The roof 'll tumble in!  
Fer Uncle he ist *romps* with us:  
An' wunst, out in our shed,  
He telled us 'bout the Doodle-Bugs,  
An' what they 'll do, he said,  
Ef you 'll ist holler "Doodle-Bugs!"—  
Out by our garden-bed —  
"Doodle-Bugs! Doodle-Bugs!  
Come up an' git some bread!"



Ain't Uncle Sidney funny man?—

“He 's childish 'most as me”—

My Ma sometimes she tells him that—

“He ac's so foolishly!”

W'y, wunst, out in our garden-path,

Wite by the pie-plant bed,

He all sprawled out there in the dirt

An' ist scrooched down his head,



An' “Doodle! Doodle! Doodle-Bugs!”

My Uncle Sidney said,—

“Doodle-Bugs! Doodle-Bugs!

Come up an' git some bread!”

An' nen he showed us little holes  
All bored there in the ground,  
An' little weenty heaps o' dust  
'At 's piled there all around :  
An' Uncle said, when he 's like us,  
Er purt'-nigh big as Fred,  
That wuz the Doodle-Bugs's Charm —  
To call 'em up, he said :—  
“Doodle! Doodle! Doodle-Bugs!”  
An' they 'd poke out their head—  
“Doodle-Bugs! Doodle-Bugs!  
Come up an' git some bread!”

## LITTLE COUSIN JASPER

LITTLE Cousin Jasper, he  
Don't live in this town, like me,—  
He lives 'way to Rensselaer,  
An' ist comes to visit here.

He says 'at our courthouse-square  
Ain't nigh big as theirn is there!—  
He says their town 's big as four  
Er five towns like this, an' more!

He says ef his folks moved here  
He 'd cry to leave Rensselaer—  
'Cause they 's prairies there, an' lakes,  
An' wile-ducks an' rattlesnakes!

Yes, 'n' little Jasper's Pa  
Shoots most things you ever saw!—  
Wunst he shot a deer, one day,  
'At swummed off an' got away.

Little Cousin Jasper went  
An' camped out wunst in a tent  
Wiv his Pa, an' helt his gun  
While he kilt a turrapun.

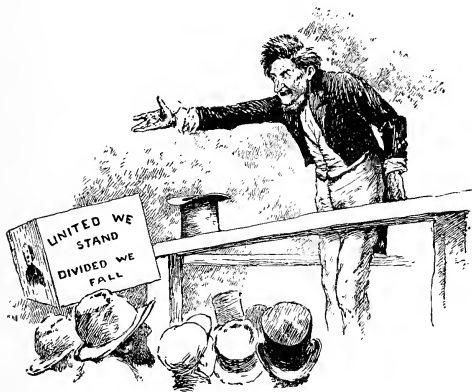
An' when his Ma heerd o' that,  
An' more things his Pa 's bin at,  
She says, " Yes, 'n' he 'll git shot  
'Fore he 's man-grown, like as not!"

An' they 's mussrats there, an' minks,  
An' di-dippers, an' chee-winks,—  
Yes, 'n' cal'mus-root you chew  
All up an' 't 'on't pizen you!

An', in town, 's a flag-pole there—  
Highest one 'at 's anywhere  
In this world!—wite in the street  
Where the big mass-meetin's meet.

Yes, 'n' Jasper he says they  
Got a brass band there, an' play  
On it, an' march up an' down  
An' all over round the town!

Wisht our town ain't like it is! —  
Wisht it 's ist as big as his!  
Wisht 'at *his* folks they 'd move *here*,  
An' *we* 'd move to Rensselaer!



## GIVE ME THE BABY

GIVE me the baby to hold, my dear—  
To hold and hug, and to love and kiss.  
Ah! he will come to me, never a fear—  
Come to the nest of a breast like this,  
As warm for him as his face with cheer.  
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

Trustfully yield him to my caress.  
“Bother,” you say? What! “a bother” to *me*?—  
To fill up my soul with such happiness  
As the love of a baby that laughs to be  
Snuggled away where my heart can hear!  
Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

Ah, but his hands are grimed, you say,

And would soil my laces and clutch my hair.—

Well, what would pleasure me more, I pray,

Than the touch and tug of the wee hands there?—

The wee hands there, and the warm face here—

Give me the baby to hold, my dear!

Give me the baby! (Oh, won't you see?

. . . Somewhere, out where the green of the lawn

Is turning to gray, and the maple-tree

Is weeping its leaves of gold upon

A little mound, with a dead rose near. . . .)

Give me the baby to hold, my dear!



## THE BEE-BAG

WHEN I was ist a Brownie — a weenty-teenty Brownie —

Long afore I got to be like Childerns is to-day,—  
My good old Brownie granny gimme sweeter thing 'an  
can'y—

An' 'at 's my little bee-bag the Fairies stold away!

O my little bee-bag—

My little funny bee-bag—

My little honey bee-bag

The Fairies stold away!



One time when I bin swung in wiv annuver Brownie  
young-un

An' lef' sleepin' in a pea-pod while our parunts went  
to play,

I waked up ist a-cryin' an' a-sobbin' an' a-sighin'

Fer my little funny bee-bag the Fairies stold away!

O my little bee-bag—

My little funny bee-bag—

My little honey bee-bag

The Fairies stold away!

It's awful much bewilder'n', but 'at 's why I 'm a *Childern*,

Ner goin' to git to be no more a Brownie sence that  
day!

My parunts, so imprudent, lef' me sleepin' when they  
should n't!

An' I want my little bee-bag the Fairies stold away!

O my little bee-bag—

My little funny bee-bag—

My little honey bee-bag

The Fairies stold away!

## LITTLE MARJORIE

"WHERE is little Marjorie?"

There 's the robin in the tree,  
With his gallant call once more  
From the boughs above the door!  
There 's the bluebird's note, and there  
Are spring-voices everywhere  
Calling, calling ceaselessly—

"Where is little Marjorie?"

And her old playmate, the rain,  
Calling at the window-pane  
In soft syllables that win  
Not her answer from within—

“Where is little Marjorie?”—

Or is it the rain, ah me!

Or wild gusts of tears that were

Calling us—not calling her!

“Where is little Marjorie?”

Oh, in high security

She is hidden from the reach

Of all voices that beseech:

She is where no troubled word,

Sob or sigh is ever heard,

Since God whispered tenderly—

“Where is little Marjorie?”



## THE TRULY MARVELOUS

GIUNTS is the biggest mens they air  
In all this world er anywhere!—  
An' Tom Thumb he 's the most little-est man,  
'Cause wunst he lived in a oyshture-can!

## 'MONGST THE HILLS O' SOMERSET

'MONGST the Hills o' Somerset  
Wisht I was a-roamin' yet!  
My feet won't get usen to  
These low lands I 'm trompin' through.  
Wisht I could go back there, and  
Stroke the long grass with my hand,  
Kind o' like my sweetheart's hair  
Smoothed out underneath it there!  
Wisht I could set eyes once more  
On our shadders, on before,  
Climbin', in the airy dawn,  
Up the slopes 'at love grewed on  
Natchurl as the violet  
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

How 't 'u'd rest a man like me  
Jest fer 'bout an hour to be  
Up there where the morning air  
Could reach out and ketch me there!—  
Snatch my breath away, and then  
Rensh and give it back again  
Fresh as dew, and smellin' of  
The old pinks I ust to love,  
And a-flavor'n' ever' breeze  
With mixt hints o' mulberries  
And May-apples, from the thick  
Bottom-lands along the crick  
Where the fish bit, dry er wet,  
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Like a livin' pictur' things  
All comes back: the bluebird swings  
In the maple, tongue and bill  
Trillin' glory fit to kill!  
In the orchard, jay and bee  
Ripens the first pears fer me,  
And the "Prince's Harvest" they  
Tumble to me where I lay

In the clover, provin' still  
"A boy's will is the wind's will."  
Clean fergot is time, and care,  
And thick hearin', and gray hair—  
But they 's nothin' I ferget  
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged—to be edzact,  
*Very* middle-aged, in fact,—  
Yet a-thinkin' back to then,  
I 'm the same wild boy again!  
There 's the dear old home once more,  
And there 's Mother at the door—  
Dead, I know, fer thirty year',  
Yet she 's singin', and I hear;  
And there 's Jo, and Mary Jane,  
And Pap, comin' up the lane!  
Dusk 's a-fallin'; and the dew,  
'Pears like, it 's a-fallin' too—  
Dreamin' we 're all livin' yet  
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

## OLD JOHN HENRY

✓  
OLD John 's jes' made o' the commonest stuff—

Old John Henry —

He 's tough, I reckon,— but none too tough —  
Too tough though 's better than not enough!

Says old John Henry.

He does his best, and when his best 's bad,  
He don't fret none, ner he don't git sad —  
He simply 'lows it 's the best he had:

Old John Henry!

His doctern 's jes' o' the plainest brand —

Old John Henry —

A smilin' face and a hearty hand  
'S religen 'at all folks understand,

Says old John Henry.



He 's stove up some with the rhumatiz,  
 And they hain't no shine on them shoes o' his,  
 And his hair hain't cut — but his eye-teeth is:  
     Old John Henry!

He feeds hisse'f when the stock 's all fed —  
     Old John Henry —  
 And sleeps like a babe when he goes to bed —  
 And dreams o' heaven and home-made bread,  
     Says old John Henry.  
 He hain't refined as he 'd ort to be  
 To fit the statutes o' poetry,  
 Ner his clothes don't fit him — but *he fits me*.  
     Old John Henry!

## MY FIRST SPECTACLES

AT first I laughed—for it was quite  
An oddity to see  
My reflex looking from the glass  
Through spectacles at me.

But as I gazed I really found  
They so improved my sight  
That many wrinkles in my face  
Were mixed with my delight;

And many streaks of silver, too,  
Were gleaming in my hair,  
With quite a hint of baldness that  
I never dreamed was there.

And as I readjusted them  
And winked in slow surprise,  
A something like a mist had come  
Between them and my eyes.

And, peering vainly still, the old  
Optician said to me,  
The while he took them from my nose  
And wiped them hastily :

“Jest now, of course, your eyes is apt  
To water some—but where  
Is any man’s on earth that won’t  
The first he has to wear?”

## SCOTTY

SCOTTY 's dead.—Of course he is!  
Jes' that same old luck of his!—  
Ever sence we went cahoots  
He 's be'n first, you bet yer boots!  
When our schoolin' first begun,  
Got two whippin's to my one:  
Stold and smoked the first cigar:  
Stood up first before the bar,  
Takin' whisky-straight—and me  
Wastin' time on "blackberry"!  
Beat me in the Army, too,  
And clean on the whole way through!—  
In more scrapes around the camp,  
And more troubles, on the tramp:  
Fought and fell there by my side  
With more bullets in his hide,

And more glory in the cause,—  
That 's the kind o' man *he* was!  
Luck liked Scotty more 'n me.—  
*I* got married: Scotty, he  
Never even would *apply*  
Fer the pension-money I  
Had to beg of "Uncle Sam"—  
That 's the kind o' cuss *I* am!—  
Scotty allus first and best—  
Me the last and ornriest!  
Yit fer all that 's said and done—  
All the battles fought and won—  
We hain't prospered, him ner me—  
Both as pore as pore could be,—  
Though we 've allus, up tel now,  
Stuck together anyhow—  
Scotty allus, as I 've said,  
Luckiest—And now he 's *dead!*

## MY WHITE BREAD

DEM good old days done past and gone  
In old Ca'line wha I wuz bo'n  
W'en my old Misst'ess she fust said,  
    "Yo 's a-eatin' yo' white bread!"  
Oh, dem 's de times uts done gone by  
W'en de nights shine cla, an' de coon clim' high,  
An' I sop my soul in 'possum-pie,  
    Das a-eatin' my white bread!

Its dem 's de nights ut I cross my legs  
An' pat de flo' ez I twis' de pegs  
O' de banjo up twil de gals all said,  
    "Yo 's a-eatin' yo' white bread!"

Oh, dem 's de times ut I usen fo' to blow  
On de long reeds cut in de old by-o,  
An' de frogs jine in like dey glad fo' to know  
I 's a-eatin' my white bread.

An' I shet my eyes fo' to conjuh up  
Dem good ole days ut fills my cup  
Wid de times ut fust ole Misst'ess said,  
"Yo 's a-eatin' yo' white bread!"  
Oh, dem 's de dreams ut I fines de best;  
An' bald an' gray ez a hornet's nest,  
I drap my head on de good Lord's breast,  
Says a-eatin' my white bread!

## BACK FROM TOWN

OLD friends allus is the best,  
Halest-like and heartiest :  
Knowed us first, and don't allow  
We 're so blame much better now!  
They was standin' at the bars  
When we grabbed "the kivvered kyars"  
And lit out fer town, to make  
Money—and that old mistake!

We thought then the world we went  
Into beat "The Settlement,"  
And the friends 'at we 'd make there  
Would beat any anywhere!—  
And they *do*—fer that 's their biz :  
They beat all the friends they is—  
'Cept the raal old friends like you  
'At staid home, like *I* 'd ort to!



W'y, of all the good things yit  
I ain't shet of, is to quit  
Business, and git back to sheer  
These old comforts waitin' here—  
These old friends; and these old hands  
'At a feller understands;  
These old winter nights, and old  
Young-folks chased in out the cold!

Sing "Hard Times 'll come ag'in  
No More!" and neighbors all jine in!  
Here 's a feller come from town  
Wants that-air old fiddle down  
From the chimby!—Git the floor  
Cleared fer one cowtillion more!—  
It 's poke the kitchen-fire, says he,  
And shake a friendly leg with me!

## A MAN BY THE NAME OF BOLUS

A MAN by the name of Bolus—(all 'at we 'll ever know  
Of the stranger's name, I reckon—and I 'm kind o'  
glad it 's so!)—

Got off here, Christmas morning, looked 'round the  
town, and then

Kind o' sized up the folks, I guess, and—went away  
again!

The fac's is, this man Bolus got "run in," Christmas-  
day;

The town turned out to see it, and cheered, and blocked  
the way;

And they dragged him 'fore the Mayor—fer he could n't  
er *would n't* walk—

And socked him down fer trial—though he could n't  
er *would n't* talk!

Drunk? They was no doubt of it!—W’y, the marshal  
of the town

Laughed and testified ’at he fell *up*-stairs ’stid o’ *down*!

This man by the name of Bolus?—W’y, he even  
drapped his jaw

And snored on through his “*hearin’*”—drunk as you  
ever saw!

One feller spit in his boot-leg, and another ’n’ drapped  
a small

Little chunk o’ ice down his collar,—but he did n’t  
wake at all!

And they all nearly split when his Honor said, in one  
of his witty ways,

To “chalk it down fer him, ‘Called away—be back  
in thirty days!’”

That ’s where this man named Bolus slid, kind o’ like  
in a fit,

Flat on the floor; and—drat my ears! I hear ’em  
a-laughin’ yit!

Somebody fetched Doc Sifers from jest acrost the  
hall—

And all Doc said was, “Morphine! We ’re too late!”  
and that ’s all!

That 's how they found his name out — piece of a letter  
'at read :

“ Your wife has lost her reason, and little Nathan 's  
dead —

Come ef you kin, — fergive *her* — but, Bolus, as fer *me*,  
This hour I send a bullet through where my heart *ort*  
to be!”

*Man by the name of Bolus!* — As his revilers broke  
Fer the open air, 'peared-like, to me, I heerd a voice  
'at spoke —

*Man by the name of Bolus! git up from where you  
lay —*

*Git up and smile white at 'em, with your hands crossed  
thataway!*

## OLD CHUMS

“ IF I die first,” my old chum paused to say,  
“ Mind! not a whimper of regret ;—instead,  
Laugh and be glad, as I shall.—Being dead,  
I shall not lodge so very far away  
But that our mirth shall mingle.—So, the day  
The word comes, joy with me.” “ I ’ll try,” I said,  
Though, even speaking, sighed and shook my head  
And turned, with misted eyes. His roundelay  
Rang gaily on the stair ; and then the door  
Opened and—closed. . . . Yet something of the  
clear,  
Hale hope, and force of wholesome faith he had  
Abided with me—strengthened more and more.—  
Then—then they brought his broken body here :  
And I laughed—whisperingly—and we were glad.

## WHAT A DEAD MAN SAID

HEAR what a dead man said to me.  
His lips moved not, and the eyelids lay  
Shut as the leaves of a white rose may  
Ere the wan bud blooms out perfectly ;  
And the lifeless hands they were stiffly crossed  
As they always cross them over the breast  
When the soul goes nude and the corpse is dressed ;  
And over the form, in its long sleep lost,  
From forehead down to the pointed feet  
That peaked the foot of the winding-sheet,  
Pallid patience and perfect rest.—  
It was the voice of a dream, may be,  
But it seemed that the dead man said to me :  
“ I, indeed, am the man that died  
Yesternight—and you weep for this ;

But, lo, I am with you, side by side,  
As we have walked when the summer sun  
Made the smiles of our faces one,  
And touched our lips with the same warm kiss.  
Do not doubt that I tell you true—  
I am the man you once called friend,  
And caught my hand when I came to you,  
And loosed it only because the end  
Of the path I walked of a sudden stopped—  
And a dead man's hand must needs be dropped—  
And I—though it's strange to think so now—  
I have wept, as you weep for me,  
And pressed hot palms to my aching brow  
And moaned through the long night ceaselessly.  
Yet have I lived to forget my pain,  
As you will live to be glad again—  
Though never so glad as this hour am I,  
Tasting a rapture of delight  
Vast as the heavens are infinite,  
And dear as the hour I came to die.  
Living and loving, I dreamed my cup  
Brimmed sometimes, and with marvelings  
I have lifted and tipped it up  
And drank to the dregs of all sweet things.

Living, 't was but a *dream* of bliss—  
Now I *realize* all it is;  
And now my only shadow of grief  
Is that I may not give relief  
Unto those living and dreaming on,  
And woo them graveward, as I have gone,  
And show death's loveliness,—for they  
Shudder and shrink as they walk this way,  
Never dreaming that all they dread  
Is their purest delight when dead."

Thus it was, or it seemed to be,  
That the voice of the dead man spoke to me.



## CUORED O' SKEERIN'

'LISH, you rickollect that-air  
Dad-burn skittish old bay mare  
Was no livin' with! —'at skeerd  
'T ever'thing she seed er heerd! —  
Th'owed 'Ves' Anders, and th'owed Pap,  
First he straddled her — *k-slap*! —  
And Izory — well! — th'owed *her*  
Hain't no tellin' jest how fur! —  
Broke her collar-bone — and might  
Jest 'a' kilt the gyrl outright!

Course I 'd heerd 'em make their boast  
She th'ow any feller, 'most,  
Ever topped her! S' I, "I know  
*One* man 'at she 'll never th'ow!"

So I rid her in to mill,  
And, jest comin' round the hill,  
Met a *traction-engine*!—Ort  
Jest 'a' heerd that old mare snort,  
And lay back her yeers, and see  
Her a-tryin' to th'ow *me*!  
Course I never said a word,  
But thinks I, "My ladybird,  
You 'll git cuored, right here and now,  
Of yer dy-does anyhow!"

So I stuck her—tel she 'd jest  
Done her very level best;  
Then I slides off—strips the lines  
Over her fool-head, and finds  
Me a little saplin'-gad,  
'Side the road:—And there we had  
Our own fun!—jest wore her out!  
Mounted her, and faced about,  
And jest made her *nose* that-air  
Little *traction-engine* there!

## YOUR VIOLIN

YOUR violin! Ah me!  
'T was fashioned o'er the sea,  
In storied Italy—

What matter where?  
It is its voice that sways  
And thrills me as it plays  
The airs of other days—  
The days that were!

Then let your magic bow  
Glide lightly to and fro.—  
I close my eyes, and so,  
In vast content,  
I kiss my hand to you,  
And to the tunes we knew  
Of old, as well as to  
Your instrument!

Poured out of some dim dream  
Of lulling sounds that seem

Like ripples of a stream  
Twanged lightly by  
The slender, tender hands  
Of weeping-willow wands  
That droop where gleaming sands  
And pebbles lie.

A melody that swoons  
In all the truant tunes  
Long listless afternoons  
Lure from the breeze,  
When woodland boughs are stirred,  
And moaning doves are heard,  
And laughter afterward  
Beneath the trees.

Through all the chorusing,  
I hear on leaves of spring  
The drip and pattering  
Of April skies,  
With echoes faint and sweet  
As baby-angel feet  
Might wake along a street  
Of Paradise.

## TO A SKULL

TURN your face this way ;  
I 'm not weary of it—  
Every hour of every day  
More and more I love it—  
Grinning in that jolly guise  
Of bare bones and empty eyes!

Was this hollow dome,  
Where I tap my finger,  
Once the spirit's narrow home—  
Where you loved to linger,  
Hiding, as to-day are we,  
From the self-same destiny?

O'er and o'er again  
Have I put the query—  
Was existence so in vain  
That you look so cheery?—

Death of such a benefit  
That you smile, possessing it ?

Did your throbbing brow  
Tire of all the flutter  
Of such fancyings as now  
You, at last, may utter  
In that grin so grimly bland  
Only death can understand ?

Has the shallow glee  
Of old dreams of pleasure  
Left you ever wholly free  
To float out, at leisure,  
O'er the shoreless, trackless trance  
Of unsounded circumstance ?

Only this I read  
In your changeless features,—  
You, at least, have gained a meed  
Held from living creatures :  
You have naught to ask.—Beside,  
You do grin so satisfied !

## A VISION OF SUMMER

'T WAS a marvelous vision of Summer.—

That morning the dawn was late,  
And came, like a long dream-ridden guest,  
Through the gold of the Eastern gate.

Languid it came, and halting,  
As one that yawned, half roused,  
With lifted arms and indolent lids  
And eyes that drowsed and drowsed.

A glimmering haze hung over  
The face of the smiling air ;  
And the green of the trees and the blue of the leas  
And the skies gleamed everywhere.

And the dewdrops' dazzling jewels,  
In garlands and diadems,  
Lightened and twinkled and glanced and shot  
As the glints of a thousand gems :

Emeralds of dew on the grasses ;  
The rose with rubies set ;  
On the lily, diamonds ; and amethysts  
Pale on the violet.

And there were the pinks of the fuchsias,  
And the peony's crimson hue,  
The lavender of the hollyhocks,  
And the morning-glory's blue :

The purple of the pansy bloom,  
And the passionate flush of the face  
Of the velvet-rose ; and the thick perfume  
Of the locust every place.

The air and the sun and the shadows  
Were wedded and made as one ;  
And the winds ran over the meadows  
As little children run :

And the winds poured over the meadows  
And along the willowy way  
The river ran, with its ripples shod  
With the sunshine of the day :



O the winds flowed over the meadows  
In a tide of eddies and calms,  
And the bared brow felt the touch of it  
As a sweetheart's tender palms.

And the lark went palpitating  
Up through the glorious skies,  
His song spilled down from the blue profound  
As a song from Paradise.

And here was the loitering current—  
Stayed by a drift of sedge  
And sodden logs—scummed thick with the gold  
Of the pollen from edge to edge.

The catbird piped in the hazel,  
And the harsh kingfisher screamed,  
And the crane, in amber and oozy swirls,  
Dozed in the reeds and dreamed.

And in through the tumbled driftage  
And the tangled roots below,  
The waters warbled and gurgled and lisped  
Like the lips of long ago.

And the senses caught, through the music,  
Twinkles of dabbling feet,  
And glimpses of faces in coverts green,  
And voices faint and sweet.

And back from the lands enchanted  
Where my earliest mirth was born,  
The trill of a laugh was blown to me  
Like the blare of an elfin horn.

Again I romped through the clover;  
And again I lay supine  
On grassy swards, where the skies, like eyes,  
Looked lovingly back in mine.

And over my vision floated  
Misty illusive things—  
Trailing strands of the gossamer  
On heavenward wanderings:

Figures that veered and wavered,  
Luring the sight, and then  
Glancing away into nothingness,  
And blinked into shape again.

From out far depths of the forest,  
Ineffably sad and lorn,  
Like the yearning cry of a long-lost love,  
The moan of the dove was borne.

And through lush glooms of the thicket  
The flash of the redbird's wings  
On branches of star-white blooms that shook  
And thrilled with its twitterings.

Through mossy and viny vistas,  
Soaked ever with deepest shade,  
Dimly the dull owl stared and stared  
From his bosky ambushade.

And up through the rifted tree-tops  
That signaled the wayward breeze,  
I saw the hulk of the hawk becalmed  
Far out on the azure seas.

Then sudden an awe fell on me,  
As the hush of the golden day  
Rounded to noon, as a May to June  
That a lover has dreamed away.

And I heard, in the breathless silence,  
And the full, glad light of the sun,  
The tinkle and drip of a timorous shower—  
Ceasing as it begun.

And my thoughts, like the leaves and grasses,  
In a rapture of joy and pain,  
Seemed fondled and petted and beat upon  
With a tremulous patter of rain.



## BEREAVED

LET me come in where you sit weeping,—aye,  
Let me, who have not any child to die,  
Weep with you for the little one whose love  
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed  
Their pressure round your neck ; the hands you used  
To kiss.—Such arms—such hands I never knew.  
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service—say some thing,  
Between the tears, that would be comforting,—  
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,  
Who have no child to die.

✓  
A SONG OF THE CRUISE

O THE sun and the rain, and the rain and the sun!  
There 'll be sunshine again when the tempest is done;  
And the storm will beat back when the shining is past—  
But in some happy haven we 'll anchor at last.

Then murmur no more,  
In lull or in roar,  
But smile and be brave till the voyage is o'er.

O the rain and the sun, and the sun and the rain!  
When the tempest is done, then the sunshine again;  
And in rapture we 'll ride through the stormiest gales,  
For God's hand 's on the helm and His breath in the  
sails.

Then murmur no more,  
In lull or in roar,  
But smile and be brave till the voyage is o'er.

## THE DEAD WIFE

ALWAYS I see her in a saintly guise  
Of liliated raiment, white as her own brow  
When first I kissed the teardrops to the eyes  
That smile forever now.

Those gentle eyes           y seem the same to me,  
As, looking through the warm dews of mine own,  
I see them gazing downward patiently  
Where, lost and all alone

In the great emptiness of night, I bow  
And sob aloud for one returning touch  
Of the dear hands that, Heaven having now,  
I need so much—so much!

## SOMEDAY

✓ SOMEDAY:—So many tearful eyes

Are watching for thy dawning light;

So many faces toward the skies

Are weary of the night!

So many failing prayers that reel

And stagger upward through the storm,

And yearning hands that reach and feel

No pressure true and warm.

So many hearts whose crimson wine

Is wasted to a purple stain

And blurred and streaked with drops of brine

Upon the lips of Pain.

Oh, come to them!—these weary ones!

Or if thou still must bide a while,

Make stronger yet the hope that runs

Before thy coming smile:

And haste and find them where they wait—

Let summer-winds blow down that way,

And all they long for, soon or late,

Bring round to them, Someday.



✓  
CLOSE THE BOOK

CLOSE the book, and leave the tale  
All unfinished. It is best :  
Brighter fancy will not fail  
To relate the rest.

We have read it on and on,  
Till each character, in sooth,  
By the master-touches drawn,  
Is a living truth.

Leave it so, and let us sit,  
With the volume laid away—  
Cut no other leaf of it,  
But as Fancy may.—

Then the friends that we have met  
In its pages will endure,  
And the villain, even yet,  
May be white and pure.

Close the book, and leave the tale  
All unfinished. It is best :  
Brighter fancy will not fail  
To relate the rest.

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